JOHN BULL, APRIL 7, 1934

TWOPENCE
Vol. LV
1452

LAST DAYS TO WIN PRIZES VALUE OVER £6,500 SEE PAGES 38 and 39.

JOHN BULL

"I feel I need a Guinness"

You've had something worth drinking when you've had a Guinness

GUINNESS FOR STRENGTH

G.E.316A.

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a 15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE

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"As Large as Life"

At special reduced prices

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1/- Only. Overseas Postal Orders, 2/-. Send us photo or snapshot (state your choice as head and we will send you within 14 days a finished life-like enlargement that will not fade, size 20 x 16 ins., postage paid, for above reduced price.

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Special to "John Bull" readers. Most Marvellous Value ever offered. Read the Guaranteed Contents:—2 Heavy Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, full size 80 x 60. 1 Heavy Coloured Striped Blanket, 84 x 78. 2 Yorks White Raised Blankets, soft, warm, durable, 52 x 70. 1 Splendid Alhambra or Honeycomb Quilt, 90 x 70 (White or Coloured). 1 White Damask Tablecloth, 52 x 52, coloured borders, Gold, Blue & Pink. 1 Beautiful Bedspread, Rose, Crimson, Olive, etc., on Jaspe grounds. Centre design edged Art Silk Embroidery, 60 x 80. 2 Coloured Striped Turkish Towels, absorbent loop pile, 20 x 44. 1 Fancy Coloured Table Cover, 36 x 36. 1 Elegant Embossed Electro Cake or Fruit Dish, size 11½ ins. *Illus. Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding etc., post free.*

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Sherley's Tonic & Condition Powders

It is a lucky dog whose owner realises the great value of Sherley's Tonic and Condition Powders. They cost so little but mean so much to your dog's health and happiness.

They will renew his appetite if he is "off his food." They will increase his vitality if he is listless and out-of-sorts. They will purify his blood if he is always scratching. They will improve his coat if he is shedding hairs all over the place, and keep him always in tip-top condition. Give him a regular course every week.

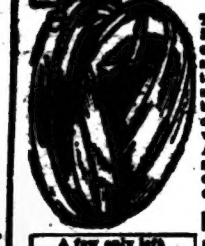
In 3 strengths for small, medium, and large dogs, 6d. per packet of 9 Powders. 1/3 per packet of 24 Powders.

From Chemists, Stores and Corn Merchants.

A. F. Sherley & Co., Ltd., 18, Hanhalees Rd., London, S.E.1

Get Sherley's DOG BOOK From All Dealers Only 2d.

PRECISION CHROMIUM WATCH!



The substantial double case which is beautifully engraved and high-grade engine-turned makes its possession a pride, and the low price gives joy to all who appreciate real value for money. Last word in design backed by "Moderne" UN-limited guarantee of satisfaction, this FULL HUNTER with 7 awards stamped inside case, A.1 Chromium throughout, unbreakable glass, will be sent post free for 3/6 or 2/6 down and 4 weekly payments of 2/-.

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WHAT SHOULD YOU PAY for the usual 45/- to 50/- SUIT?

OUR PRICE TELLS YOU

We can make you a perfectly cut Lounge Suit in latest style. S. or D. Breasted, from Yorkshire Tweeds or fine Worsteds. 100 patterns to choose from. 30 years' reputation for sterling value. Write now for Free Patterns, Self-measure Chart and latest fashions.

ALL BRITISH SUITS 19/6 TO MEASURE

Send no money. Write now.

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Reinvigorate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR Heart. CURE OFF the Danger List.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, pronouncitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you so years younger within 20 days. Get it NOW

(Prescription No. 1198/T) Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6

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You Must Have "ELASTO"

✱ Turn to the Back Cover and fill in the Coupon for a generous Free Sample.

10/- SINGLE 15/- DOUBLE

Postage 4d. In Silk Elastic 17/- Postage 4d. In Silk Elastic 24/-

These wonderful Rupture Appliances have met with such success that we are going to continue the offer of them. Consisting of a strong elastic body band fitted with soft unquestionable rubber pads, velvet covered, they are without doubt the most wonderful appliances on the market to-day. Send your P.O. at once stating size round body and whether left, right or double rupture.

A Customer writes:—After trying different makes, some very expensive, I find your appliance the best and most comfortable.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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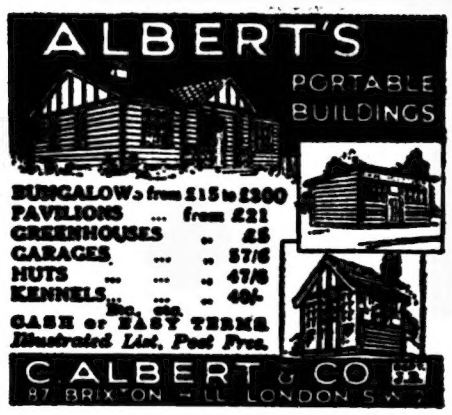

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Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the Shadforth "Bladder Comforter." Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief. Get it Now!

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Price: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300).

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IF YOU ARE EXPECTING A BABY 30/-

DON'T TROUBLE ABOUT MAKING BABY CLOTHES—IF DOES NOT PAY—LET ME SUPPLY A COMPLETE LAYETTE FOR

Made as Short Lengths or usual Long clothes

70 delightful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby) Silk and Wool Shawl, Bonnet, Robes, Lawn or Winsey Day Gowns, Long Cloaks, Flan. or Winsey Nighties, Wool Vests, Bands, Flannels, Hand-Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Trunk, Sets, Binders, Cot, Trunk Napkins, etc., etc.

EXPERIENCE DELIGHTED EVERY PURCHASER WRITES:—"I have never made a practice of shopping by post, but in this instance I have secured a wonderful bargain that I shall certainly recommend to friends."

Expectant Mothers! SEND 2/- FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL. Bal. Cash or Terms. Mrs. J. B. Howell, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

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CUT INTO LENGTHS READY FOR USE

Buy the BEST Rug Wools DIRECT FROM THE MILLS and make a BETTER Rug at nearly HALF the cost. Write for FREE SAMPLES AND

FREE RUG BOOK containing 50 new Rug designs in full colours. Send p.c. (1d stamp).

FROM 1/- PER LB

READICUT WOOL Co. Ltd. Dept. J.B., Gosett, Yorks.

"AIRCRAFT" Shockproof WATCH

This Ribbon Bracelet FREE Send 1/- NOW

for this world-renowned "AIRCRAFT" shockproof watch. Handsome Chevron plated case. Fitted with famous Aircraft non-magnetic, shock-and-vibration-proof movement. Silver Chrome dial or Plain Luminous. Swiss jewelled movement. Fitted with recoil spring to prevent overwinding. 10 years' written guarantee. Lies flat and neat on wrist. Timed to a minute a month. Send 1/- now. If to satisfaction, forward 2/6 within 7 days and 2/6 or more fortnightly until only 18/- in all is paid. Cash price 16/6. Superior model with unbreakable glass, 22/6; same terms. FREE to Purchasers. Latest fashion Gent's broad U.S.A. pattern adjustable Milanese Chromium Bracelet. On and off in 3 seconds. 7 Jewelled Chrome Dress Pocket Model, 22/6; same terms. Ladies' Solid Silver Model (with Free Gift of Solid Silver Bracelet), same price and terms. Immediate Dispatch.

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A Remarkably Interesting Book on Nervous Disorders Given Free to All Sufferers!

If you suffer from Weak Nerves, Depression, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, "Inferiority Complex," or any similar nerve-weakness, stop wasting money on useless patent medicines and let me show you how to conquer your nervousness before it conquers you! An absorbingly interesting book, describing a simple, inexpensive, drugless home-treatment, will be sent in a plain sealed envelope upon receipt of 3d. to cover cost of postage, etc. Write NOW, and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can acquire strong nerves, robust health, and a happy, confident personality.

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I'M WELL KNOWN

for the best COVENTRY BUILT cycles, from £3-10-0 Cash or Terms. Approval. Carriage Paid.

Send a Post Card for Free Catalogue, and see what you save.

Relief from Pain Within 3 Minutes

After the First Dose—Sustained Increasing Benefit After Every Further Dose.

RENIPAS The 3-Minute Remedy

ACTS LIKE A MIRACLE in cases of RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SCIATICA, NEURALGIA, and all kindred troubles. HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, and other pains vanish as if by magic.

INSOMNIA—One powder will give a full night's refreshing sleep, even though you have not enjoyed this for years. **RENIPAS Celebrated Powder** is the result of seven years' scientific research by a fully-qualified Doctor (M.D.), who guarantees it **Contains NO Injurious Drugs, Poison, or any other Narcotic and DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART.** Renipas is NOT a One Drug Remedy; it is compounded of several ingredients, solid and liquid, the formula being in accordance with approved medical and scientific principles. It is similar to a physician's costly prescription, plus the chemist's charge every time made up

Free Sample willingly sent for 2 stamps (to cover postage).

Renipas is supplied to Doctors, Nurses, Hospitals, Institutions, etc.

8 powders 1/3, 24 3/-, 56 11/-. Obtain a box to-day from Boots, Hedges, Taylors, Timothy Whites, or your local Chemist. If any difficulty to obtain sent post free from

The International Chemical Association (Dept. J.B.), 69, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

£1,200 Won in Crossword Competition No. 252.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following eighteen competitors, who share the £1,000 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £55 11s. 2d. will be sent:—

G. Ault, 13, Lawrence Street, Belfast; Miss C. Bailey, 1, Hawley Street, Whitwell, Colne; E. T. Bishop, 8, Clarendon Place, Dover; J. Brazier, 232, Sutherland Street, Barrow-in-Furness; A. Carrington, 106, Gilbey Road, Grimsby; B. B. Cooke, 17, Gromhill Avenue, Moseley Hill, Liverpool; Mrs. J. Denyer, 31, Trafford Road, Thornton Heath; J. Hemmings, 12, Holme Lane, Sheffield, 6; Miss K. Olby, Burlington Mansions, Dover; E. H. Pelling, 16, Camden Street, London, N.1; E. C. Pitman, 12, Avenue Road, Sth. Norwood, S.E.25; R. R. Robertson, Shipley, Alnwick, Northumberland; Miss A. Scott, 22, Greenwood Road, West Croydon; J. M. Singh, 304, High Street, Dorking; Mrs. E. Taylor, 30, Cliff Road, Buxton, Derbys.; Mrs. A. E. Wetherall, 55, Chatsworth Avenue, Orrell Park, Liverpool, 9; E. Williams, 48, Portland Street, Aberystwyth; R. Williams, 20, Mostyn Street, Llandudno.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, April 17th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 230 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive 8s. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 66. coupons in the same envelope.

Another Splendid Reward with a First Prize of a Life Pension of £5 a Week and £600 cash, together with prizes for runners-up, appears on Page 38. Try your skill now!

One Month's Test!

will prove the possibility of Better Hearing for YOU with the famous Orifice Fitting.

AURWELLES.

The smallest in the world. No cords or batteries—no attachments of any kind. No rubber to get hot.

STRAIN AND HEADNOISE RELIEF

DEAFNESS DEFEATED

this simple, inconspicuous way has meant hearing for thousands in all stations of life.

DON'T DELAY—HEAR TO-DAY

CALL FOR FREE TEST, or write for details & FREE HOME TEST OFFER. Consultations 9—6 daily.

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'Look for coloured building and square clock.'

'Phone: Mayfair 1280/1718.

SERVICE BUREAUX THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

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1/6 BLACK RUG 9d. lb.

2/6 Silky Rug **1/3**; Coloured Turkish 1/- lb.; 1/6 Thrums **6½d.** Cable 1/4½ lb.; Sports **1d.**, Silky **1½d.**, Tweeds **1½d.**, Rug Wool Chenilles **5½d.** lb. Designs on Canvas **3½d.** each.

1d. *POST CARD brings FREE RUG BOOK.* 100 *Coloured Designs.* 800 *Samples.*

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DON'T WEAR DRAINPIPES!

SPECIAL SPRING AND HIKING OFFER

SEMI-OXFORD FLANNELS

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6/- *Post 6d. ex. or C.O.D.* Only to purchasers of Flannel Trousers, St. Margaret's Woollen Slipover, 1/6. In Blue, Maroon, Grey.

THE FLANNEL KING (Dept. J.2), 130-134, Heath Rd., TWICKENHAM

REAL NATURAL WAVES

You can have REAL NATURAL WAVES if you use a Nu-Wa Wave Setter. Just place over head, and your hair sets in lovely natural waves WITHOUT USING HEAT OR CURLERS. If your hair is permed, use it as a slumber cap, and waves are kept in position while you sleep. Can be used for long, short or growing hair. Simplicity itself. Send for one to-day. You will be delighted with results. *Hundreds of testimonials received from satisfied users.*

Price 1/9. Post free with full instructions. Super Quality, 3/6. De Luxe Gift Model, 5/9.

NU-WA Co., Dept. J.B., 13, Gutter Lane, London, E.C.2

DO YOUR OWN HEMSTITCHING

The X.L. Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment, a great new invention that fits all sewing machines. Easy and quick to operate. Pays for itself in ten minutes.

4/6 COMPLETE. Post Free. Money back if not satisfied.

THE E.Z. Automatic Darner for every make of machine, darns stockings, shirts, curtains, sheets, etc., quicker and neater than by hand for any size hole without patches. Consists of Darner-Spring, Frame and Band 2/-. Complete Full Instructions with each outfit.

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Catalogue of useful Household Novelties free on request.

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This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/6, carriage 1/- ex., we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Reversible REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in 30 Turkey

9/6 Patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and, being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. *Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.*

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JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

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Design Z.H. from **3'9** MONTHLY

SUTCLIFFE S

SMALL STORE SHEDS from 24/-

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash or 12 payments.	
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£2 1 0	3/0
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10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£4 4 0	7/0

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DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Frames, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections; really the best value. Carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra.

F. & H. Sutcliffe, Ltd., 82, Wood Top, Holden Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms—40-42, Oxford Street, W.1.

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2 White Woolly Blankets	90×70
2 Good Strong Sheets	90×70
2 White Pillow Slips	30×20
1 White Bolster Case	90×20
1 Art Printed Bedspread	90×70
2 Coloured Turkish Towels	
1 Art. Silk Brocade and Corded Cushion Cover	
3 Rainy Handkerchiefs	
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CARR. FREE. **20/-** CASH or C.O.D. or single bed size 17/6.

A LOVELY WASHED DOWN **QUILT FREE** also, if cash with order, Free Damask Tablecloth.

PATON HILL Co., Dept. S.B., 76-78, Cannon Street, MANCHESTER, 4.

FULL SIZE BED CHAIR

16/6 PAT. SPRING SEATS or 1/- weekly. TURNED LEGS

Polished rich nut brown. 3 soft velvet cord cushions any colour. Carr. and pack. England and Wales 2/6. Call or send for new coloured Catalogue J. Cheques, reg. letters, crossed P.O.'s,

BOTH WITH SOLID OAK FRAME

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Converts in a moment into comfortable bed, 41in. wide. Spring seats, turned legs. Carr. and Pack. Eng. and Wales 3/6. **35/-** or 2/- weekly

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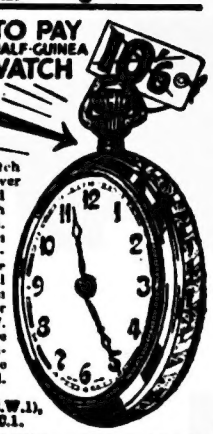

There is no 'catch' in it. This watch is an Aircraft Smash-proof Lever Watch in Chrome case, warranted 3 years, and sent complete with pocket-to-pocket chain & medallion. Our reputation will convince you that this is a genuine offer to popularise our 100% Sheffield 'Double Life' 3-hole type double-edged razor blades at 1/- for 15. All you have to do is to buy 3 packets for 3/- (post 6d.). Use them yourself, or sell them to friends. If they are not equal to any 4d. blade obtainable—keep the watch, return the blades, and money will be refunded. Send P.O. for 3/6 now to:—

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Here is a wonderful opportunity to **earn big money all the year round**—offer to your friends and workmates—our **6d. Double Value Club Cards.** These can be exchanged for full value in goods as shown in our beautifully illustrated art coloured catalogue.

£400 CASH PRIZES

Our cards sell at sight. Please note, **we cater for every member of the family,** Footwear, Clothing, Household and Fancy Goods, Watches, Clocks, Sports, Games, Toys, etc. All goods are guaranteed.

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The Massey method of paying **liberal commissions every week** is very popular amongst agents. In addition, there are **special agents' bonuses** and postages are allowed. **Free Competitions for Agents and Weekly Club News.**

No previous experience is required.

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Carr. Pd.

Garages from 70/- or 5/- down. Sheds from 20/- or 2/3 down made with electric tools from seasoned timber. All buildings have double strength timber at corners. Planed rebated weatherboard, not featheredge.

SUPER GARAGES.

	Cash.	Down.	12 p'ts.
10' x 7'	100/-	5/-	9 2
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6' x 4'	35/-	3/6	3 1
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For Householders, Builders, &c.

Closed	Open	Price
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9ft.	16ft.	24/-
10ft.	18ft.	27/-
11ft.	20ft.	30/-
12ft.	22ft.	33/-
13ft.	24ft.	36/-
14ft.	26ft.	40/-
16ft.	30ft.	44/-

With Automatic Rope Pull-up 10/- each ex.

Stiles made from Rift-Sawn Prime Clear British Columbian Pine and Rungs of bone-dry Oak 1in. x 1½ in., securely mortised and wedged. All fittings galvanised. Three iron safety stays in each section.

IMMEDIATE DISPATCH.

Carriage Paid anywhere in Gt. Britain.

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Send Cheques or Postal Orders to Dept. 'C.'

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Send now for our FREE Catalogue No. 46 illustrating 1,500 sizes and designs with 25% more weight of timber, steel braced corners, non-slip washers, fully guaranteed and easily erected. Portable Buildings—Prompt Despatch—Free Plans—Free Insurance and Special Appreciation Bonus.

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Delivered FREE or Carriage Paid in England and Wales. Sheds 20/-, Garages 70/6, Army Huts and Sports Pavilions, Greenhouses, Poultry Houses, Bungalows.

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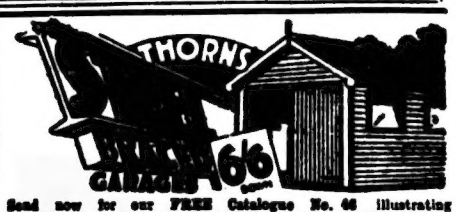

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3/4in. MOULDED WEATHERBOARD GARAGES

Long	Wide	High	Sale Price		Deposit	Monthly
10ft.	7ft.	8ft.	£5. 6.0	or	5/6	9/6
12ft.	8ft.	8ft.	£6.16.0	or	11/3	12/5
14ft.	8ft.	8ft.	£7.10.0	or	13/3	13/6

Delivered Free or Carriage Paid in England and Wales. Asbestos Garages 27/6, Garden Sheds 30/-, Greenhouses 55/-, Poultry Houses, Army Huts, etc.

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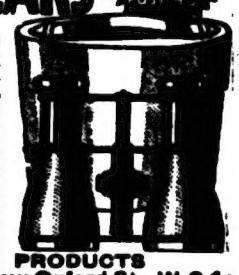

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POISONED RIVERS

—Amazing Disclosure

The Compleat Angler—1934!

THIS is the time of the year when about 250,000 British citizens are indulging in the pleasures of anticipation. They are the great Brotherhood of the Angle, and just now in cottages and castles, in suburban villas and pithead "back to backs," rods and lines are being overhauled, tackle refurbished and renewed for another season's practices of the "gentle craft."

It looks, however, as if there is going to be no *season*.

It seems that for Britain's 250,000 anglers 1934 will go down in their history as the year which saw the almost total extinction of the most ancient and democratic of all sports.

The other day Viscount Allenby warned a select gathering of the aristocratic Flyfishers' Club against the impending doom of their sport. He told them how streams and springs are failing, how those that remain are being grossly polluted.

His audience was composed of judges and generals and wealthy landowners, people who ordinarily enjoy their sport in carefully guarded private waters on which large sums of money are spent every year to keep them free from contamination and in their best condition.

If such a black picture is printed for them, what are the prospects for the hosts of ordinary anglers who find their sport and enjoy their cherished leisure on the banks of England's open rivers, canals, and free streams?

The drought is merely the last straw so far as these people are concerned. It will merely intensify the poisoning and pollution of the country's rivers which has been going on during the past few years, unhampered and unchecked, until many of them are now little better than sewers.

North, on the River Wear recently, thousands of dead fish made their appearance in one day, floating on the surface of the stream. After the sanitary squad had finished removing them, somebody remembered that the town of Bishop Auckland took most of its drinking water from the River Wear.

There was some alarm in the town until the population was reassured that its drinking water would be amply chlorinated, so that what had killed the fish wouldn't kill them.

SOUTH, in the River Chelmer near Chelmsford, all fish life is rapidly becoming extinct from a pollution, the source of which has not been traced.

West, near Minehead, where fishing is not only a sport but a livelihood for hundreds of men, there is the same grim story of either empty rivers or dead fish. The fishermen there report the worst season for fifty years. All of them have suffered heavy losses.

East, famous rivers like the Nene, the Ouse and Witham have been almost denuded of fish.

The famous salmon fisheries in the West Country, an industry employing thousands, and the biggest of their kind in Europe, have been almost destroyed by pollution.

Besides the ruin of a healthful, ancient, and pleasant sport, these new poison streams constitute another and ever-present menace to the health of the people who dwell by their banks.

For instance, last summer the condition of the River Nene between Oundle and Peterborough was so bad that all the Councils through whose areas the river ran passed resolutions of protest.

Farmers complained that the waters were poisoning their cattle, dead fish made the bathing places unapproachable and they had to be closed. Householders along the river bank were compelled to keep their windows closed. Several cases of illness were traced to the pollution of what was once one of the loveliest rivers in England.

How has this appalling state of affairs come about? What can be done to end it?

The wholesale poisoning of the rivers dates from the rapid growth of certain chemical industries in this country. Some, like the beet sugar and artificial silk industries, have copious effluents from their manufacturing processes which are particularly poisonous to fish.

The law as it stands has no effective control over the way in which these factories (or any other) dispose of their waste products, and manufacturers who think twice about dumping poisonous refuse on to the high road have no hesitation at all in pumping it into a river.

A FEW enlightened manufacturers treat their refuse or trap the poisonous elements in it before it goes into the river. The others, who do not, know that the penalties they will receive, if they are found out, are ludicrously inadequate. Nine times out of ten they escape altogether.

The Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries never prosecutes a guilty factory owner. The local authority must do it, or the Fisheries Board, or "some aggrieved person at common law."

The local authorities seldom do prosecute because they are often as guilty themselves, through discharging chemical sewage effluents into the streams. The Fisheries Board seldom can afford to prosecute because its only funds to run its entire river areas are derived from fishing licences. The "aggrieved person at common law" is seldom well off enough to fight a wealthy corporation with his own money.

That is the present position. The remedy was suggested as long ago as 1865, and repeated by an endless procession of Royal Commissions ever since—and as repeatedly ignored by successive Governments.

IT is to appoint River Boards each with full power to govern and control the rivers in their area from source to sea, with powers also which cut across local authorities of every kind. They would have means of compelling manufacturers to cleanse their sewage and to prosecute and punish up to the hilt.

Some such provision is contained in the Rivers Pollution Bill advocated by John Bull several years ago, and which, after passing its second reading, now lies in abeyance.

Such a provision was implicit in the report of the Advisory Committee set up by the second Labour Government. It was ready for printing two years ago when the National Government "came in." But it never saw the light of day. It was stifled as an "economy."

"We need," said a well-known angler the other day, "another Isaak Walton, with the tongue of a Lloyd George, the pen of a Winston Churchill and the autocratic powers of a Mussolini."

But, without waiting for this superman, England's 250,000 anglers—welded as they are in federations, should be formidable enough to compel the Government to introduce the legislation so sorely needed.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Our Policemen Mustn't Break the Law!

OUR police are second to none! We have never been stinting in our praise of them.

That is why when there is a regrettable departure from the high standard of excellence they have set themselves we do not hesitate to condemn it in the strongest terms.

Such a lapse came to light in the astonishing methods of prosecution adopted in the case against a Lincoln social club the other day.

It is the worst instance we can recall of the very questionable use of the police as *agents provocateur*—that is when they themselves virtually become aiders and abetters in an offence, in order to secure a conviction.

Mare's nest?

Scotland Yard officers were summoned to Lincoln to investigate what was believed to be a grave scandal, because the attitude of the local authorities created an atmosphere of mystery.

Actually, a social club was selling drink after permitted hours, allowing a billiards table to be used without a licence, and so on; and nearly 140 summonses were issued against officials and members of the club.

There is nothing very grave about that, but from this very simple prosecution emerged evidence that makes it highly desirable that there should be a searching official enquiry into the whole facts of this amazing case.

What's behind it?

We should like to know, for one thing, why London police officers were taken away from their proper duties and sent all the way to Lincoln to waste their time on a petty case that should have been dealt with by the local police.

We'd like to know, indeed, whether this was the real reason for their visit. Or was the case brought merely to save the face of some high official who had blundered?

The policeman pays

There is no doubt that these officers not only bought drink after hours, but bought it for other people—and thus abetted those people in breaking the law.

One London policeman, who had bought drink for a woman later prosecuted, said he had been with her because he "preferred her company to that of any other woman in the room."

Public money wasted

We doubt if the citizens of Lincoln are pleased to know that their money has been thrown away on securing the aid of Scotland Yard for such a service.

We are quite certain that the public generally will be glad to see an end once and for all of the practice under which policemen invite citizens to break the law in order that convictions may be obtained.

Intolerable methods

What happened at Lincoln is no isolated case of these methods.

Only a few weeks ago we told how, at Brighton, police invited women to visit a club and offered to buy them drinks, knowing that they were going to raid the club.

We have had many similar instances brought to our knowledge of police, too, being "borrowed" from other forces—as at Lincoln—for this duty.

These matters should receive the earnest consideration of the authorities. The use of *agent provocateur* methods in these trumpery cases must not be tolerated.

Road sense

If in this matter the police have still to learn sense, it seems that Mr. Oliver Stanley, Minister of Transport, is at last learning a little road sense.

It has taken him years to learn, but we are glad he has taken our advice in his new Road Traffic Bill.

He has adopted our suggestions for traffic lanes, better crossing places and sterner penalties for careless driving.

Another Go at Road Problem

Bravest Woman of the Week

The "plain-clothes-man" gets the drink . . . the girl gets the summons!

Staggering figures

There is much in the Bill that we don't like and that we think will prove useless, but at any rate we are relieved that Mr. Stanley is getting worried about the problem.

In his broadcast talk he warned the public that during Easter "more than a hundred people would be killed and hundreds injured on the roads."

And latest figures show that last year more than 7,000 people were killed in 223,530 accidents—a record.

But it is very questionable if the proposed speed limit and driving test will do anything to reduce this dreadful slaughter.

Red herring dodge

And we can give no sort of welcome to the new Tithe Bill. We regard it only as a red herring—a mere pretence that the Government is tackling the problem.

It is true that farmers will no longer have their goods seized, but that's a poor consolation if they are sent to jail instead. And the proposals for remitting excessive tithes are absurdly inadequate.

We shouldn't wonder if this new Bill merely makes the farmers more angry.

Through his hat

The past week has unfortunately been rich in stupidities. Indeed, one of the most stupid things we have ever heard was the astonishing speech of Mr. R. D. Holt, president of the National Reform Union.

Mr. Holt doesn't think the unemployed deserve to have the "dole" cuts restored. He doesn't think they're entitled to anything.

He thinks it is largely their own fault if they are out of work—because they won't work for any old wage!

His mistake

What they get, says Mr. Holt, is "charity given out of kindness of the hearts of other people."

What rubbish!

What they get is the benefits of an insurance scheme to which they subscribed when in work. And when he says that the taxpayer is the only person making sacrifices, we can only suggest that he talks to the wives of unemployed men.

Mr. Holt was formerly Liberal candidate for West Cumberland, and we hope he remains out of Parliament. There are enough M.P.s already who talk through their hats.

Very soft!

One of these M.P.s is Major-General Sir Alfred Knox. "Soft-hearted" is how he describes those of us who want the allowance for children of the unemployed increased to 3s. a week.

Well, as we know it is impossible to feed a child properly on 2s. a week, his epithet of "soft-hearted" becomes a compliment.

It seems to us that people who think children should be half-starved can only be described as soft-headed.

Melodrama or truth?

Another gentleman with whom we break a lance is the coroner of Southport. A railway crossing keeper said he was on duty for twenty-four hours a day, with ten hours off every other Sunday. The coroner promptly told him not to be melodramatic.

We find it tragic that a man on whom the safety of railway passengers depends should be on duty for such monstrous hours.

Life denied

Still more tragic was the plight of a Hornchurch mother who tried to get oxygen to save the lives of her two young children, who had been gassed.—

The Dagenham ambulance refused to bring it, saying that she lived outside their district. A Romford hospital agreed to supply some, but is stated to have asked who would pay for it. And when a taxi was sent to the hospital the driver was kept for twenty minutes. By that time it was too late.

Thus two more lives have been sacrificed to the great god—Red Tape.

Nobody's business

Then, for a further glaring stupidity, there is the behaviour of the Pontefract fire brigade.

They found a big lorry ablaze just outside the town. But because it was beyond the borough boundary, they just took the owner's name, had a good look, and went back! Result—the lorry burned for twelve hours, the damage amounting to £700.

Nothing new, perhaps. But what a damnable piece of official craziness!

Admirable bravery

Let us contrast that with an instance of splendid sanity, the action of a Chichester woman, Mrs. Louisa Geary. Hearing an elderly shopkeeper crying "Fire!" Mrs. Geary rushed to a blazing kitchen through a shop full of fireworks and drums of paraffin, groped in the smoke until she found her huddled on the floor and dragged her out.

We are sorry the victim died, but Mrs. Geary's pluck is worth recording if only for her modest disclaimer. "It's only what a neighbour would do."

No answer

Next, listen to the plea of Mr. James Jackson, father of a badly wounded soldier now in a mental home.

The Army took his son from college and sent him home a complete wreck, he told the Bury magistrates when asked why he shouldn't contribute to his son's upkeep. He had paid £1,200 and given up his work to tend him. And he asked: "Why shouldn't the Government pay?"

That is a question that only the Government could answer—but it won't.

Pension quibbling

We commend to another Government department the case of young Robert Molyneaux, of Wigan. He is motherless; his father was killed in the war.

His allowance was extended beyond the age of sixteen because he was incapable of earning a living. Now the Ministry of Pensions has withdrawn it on the excuse that his infirmity "does not prevent him from earning normal wages at a suitable occupation."

Yet we have a medical certificate before us which states definitely that he is unable to follow *any* occupation!

Below the belt

When will something be done to stop the unfair and often cruel exploitation of young professional boxers?

Boys who have the makings of champions are compelled to fight long gruelling contests two and even three times a week. Their reward is often less than 30s. The manager pockets the major portion.

No wonder many of these boys are broken in spirit, exhausted and punch-drunk when still in the early twenties!

Bad for shams

But we have hopes that the days of the lawn tennis shamateur will become leaner. There are too many of these people living in fine hotels without paying a penny—to say nothing of the perquisites they pick up.

You see, they are good advertisements for the hotels and attract the custom of the curious.

Now, at last, the governing body of the game is to be asked to decide that amateurs shall not be entitled to more than eight weeks' free holidays in any one year. That would be a step—one step—in the right direction.

Blood money

One of the nastiest stories we have ever read is that of the Russian girl who denounced her father for stealing grain, with the result that this twelve-year-old patriot is to get a pension of £14 a month and free education.

Well, in countries ruled by dictators this sort of thing must be expected.

And it is a host of such things that convinces us that we want no sort of dictatorship here.

What an excuse!

We sympathise with the villagers of Leuchars, Fife. The graveyard of the fine Norman church is so high that it is on the level with the eaves of the ancient hovels which surround it.

The authorities at last agreed that it was hardly healthy to have human beings living below the level of the burial ground. A demolition order was issued.

But—the landlords will still draw rents from these rotting cottages. So long as the present tenants are living, it has been decided, the cottages will be preserved for "sentimental reasons," since most of the cottagers are elderly!

Why not let them end their days decently?

My Life:—by Viscount Snowden *begins in "John Bull" Next Week*

SNOWDEN—

THE MAN and THE BOOK

"Just for a moment there is a glimpse of the inner man, and then the mask returns"

by a Personal Friend

I CONGRATULATE John Bull readers on being the first big section of the public to have the opportunity of reading the eagerly awaited autobiography of Viscount Snowden.

What a story he has to tell! The story of the rise of a poor Yorkshire lad by his own efforts and tenacity of purpose to the proud position of Chancellor of the Exchequer—and an "Iron Chancellor" at that!

And how he will tell it! Philip Snowden never minced words on platform or Treasury Bench, and in this respect his pen does not differ at all from his tongue. He puts down what he thinks in plain, straightforward, simple language. When you read what Snowden has written, you know what Snowden thinks, without any beating about the bush.

And what does he think? What has he to reveal about the historic events of this century in which he has played such a prominent part?

Well, that is what the nation has been waiting to know for a long while: and that is why the forthcoming serialisation of his life in the pages of John Bull is an event of national importance.

Incidentally, it seems to me peculiarly appropriate that the "Life" of such a typical blunt, dogged John Bull type as Philip Snowden should first be given to the world in the pages of John Bull.

He is Viscount Snowden of Ickornshaw now, but in the far-off days when I first remember him he was called by his devotees, St. Philip of Blackburn. Those were the days when, pale, crippled and ascetic-looking, but gifted with a marvellous tongue, he swept through England, calling his fellow-countrymen to the greatest social crusade of the century.

Snowden with the tongue steeped in vinegar —the master of biting gibes and sneers.

A later picture: Snowden—the popular, patriotic hero—limping into the Hague Conference —dour, obstinate, unmovable—the righteous keeper of his country's purse—saying No! No! No! to the astonished politicians of the Continent who had never experienced the rough edge of a British statesman's tongue since the time of Palmerston.

Then Snowden returning home to the Guildhall to be cheered and feted by the Aldermen of the City of London—the men, up to then, to whom the first Socialist Chancellor had been the very Red spectre of approaching doom!

Later still: Snowden sitting at his desk broadcasting that decisive message of the last General Election, which doomed his old friends and colleagues to crashing defeat at the polls!

Which of these is the real Snowden? Or is there not a secret Snowden—a kindlier, gentler creature, hiding the softer side of his nature from the public gaze?

WATCH his face in repose. Few public characters have such a grim, forbidding visage. The hard, set lines, fixed by years of pain, seem an impenetrable barrier to affection and intimacy—and then suddenly, amazingly, the face lights up with a smile of rare beauty. Just for a moment there is a glimpse of the inner man, and then the mask returns.

Outwardly unapproachable, he is really the most approachable of men. He is patience itself to those who seek his help and guidance.

A journalist friend of mine told me only the other day a characteristic story of Snowden's kindness to a younger man.

My friend found himself pitch-forked into the House of Commons with as much knowledge of politics as a new-born babe.

In the first few days of his new job this young journalist was suddenly called upon to write a critical review of the Budget which had just been introduced. He was in despair, his paper was waiting, his mind was blank.

At that moment Philip Snowden walked into the Lobby. Without introduction the young man decided to throw himself on Snowden's mercy. He told him the full story and asked his help.

To this day he remembers how the then Member for Blackburn took him on one side and dictated on the spot an incisive analysis of the Budget, which brought next day a warm congratulatory letter from the young journalist's editor. It was the first step up the ladder for him.

BUT Snowden can be cruel as well. My mind goes back to the lounge of a great provincial hotel, where I sat with a crowd of delegates after the session of a Labour Party Conference.

One of our group had just made a rather sensational attack on Mrs. Snowden, and we were laughingly warning him of the wrath to come.

Suddenly Philip Snowden appeared at the door. Looking round the crowded lounge he caught sight of the critic at the far end.

Slowly, laboriously, leaning heavily on his stick, Snowden marched across the room, straight for our group. The minutes seemed hours. The critic's face went white as chalk, he wobbled at the knees—the whole hotel was hushed into silence watching the drama.

On came Snowden, looking grimmer than ever. On and on—a picture of avenging doom. At last he reached the table—looked down at his victim, hunched in his chair in hopeless misery, and then broke the spell with the surprising remark: "Young man, that was a very clever speech!"

Snowden passed on, leaving behind a limp young man, who for a few anxious moments had suffered all the agonies of the condemned!

A voluble Conservative M.P. is another man who has cause to remember Snowden on the rampage.

He had incautiously interrupted. Snowden paused and looked him over.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, "the honourable gentleman is a comparatively newcomer to this House. He has yet to appreciate the priceless gift of silence. He should cultivate the art of holding his tongue, and *then, Mr. Speaker, he will gain a totally undeserved reputation for wisdom!*"

Over thirty years have passed since Philip Snowden first descended on Blackburn to lead that unforgettable General Election fight, in the height of the Khaki passion, which was more like a great religious revival than a mere political campaign.

Since then he has been up and down. Rejected for Blackburn in the "Hang the Kaiser" Election in 1918, he came back to the House of Commons in 1922 for Colne Valley.

He was inevitably the first Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer, bringing to the task a cold passion for figures, an exceptionally orderly mind and a gift for clear exposition which is almost unrivalled amongst modern statesmen.

To history belongs the duty of determining who was in the right in the financial controversy which finally brought the second Labour Government to the ground.

Following on Mr. Churchill, with his record of juggling Budgets, Snowden became known for almost rigid financial Puritanism, and as time went on became even more strict.

More and more his Labour colleagues found themselves becoming separated from him on the question of spending money for National development.

He vigorously denies that he was a Treasury skinflint, and claims that he was always open to reason, but Labour claims that in the end his objection to spending money on anything became automatic.

And then came the last bitter scene, when facing his old comrades-in-arms from the Treasury Bench, he flung at them the taunt that the places which had known them so long would soon know them no more.

The break was final and irrevocable. After a few short months as Chancellor in the "National" Government, he retired to his study, where, in the evening of his days, he pours out on paper the memories of an adventurous and stormy career, which, under the title of "My Life," will, beginning next week, be serialised in John Bull.

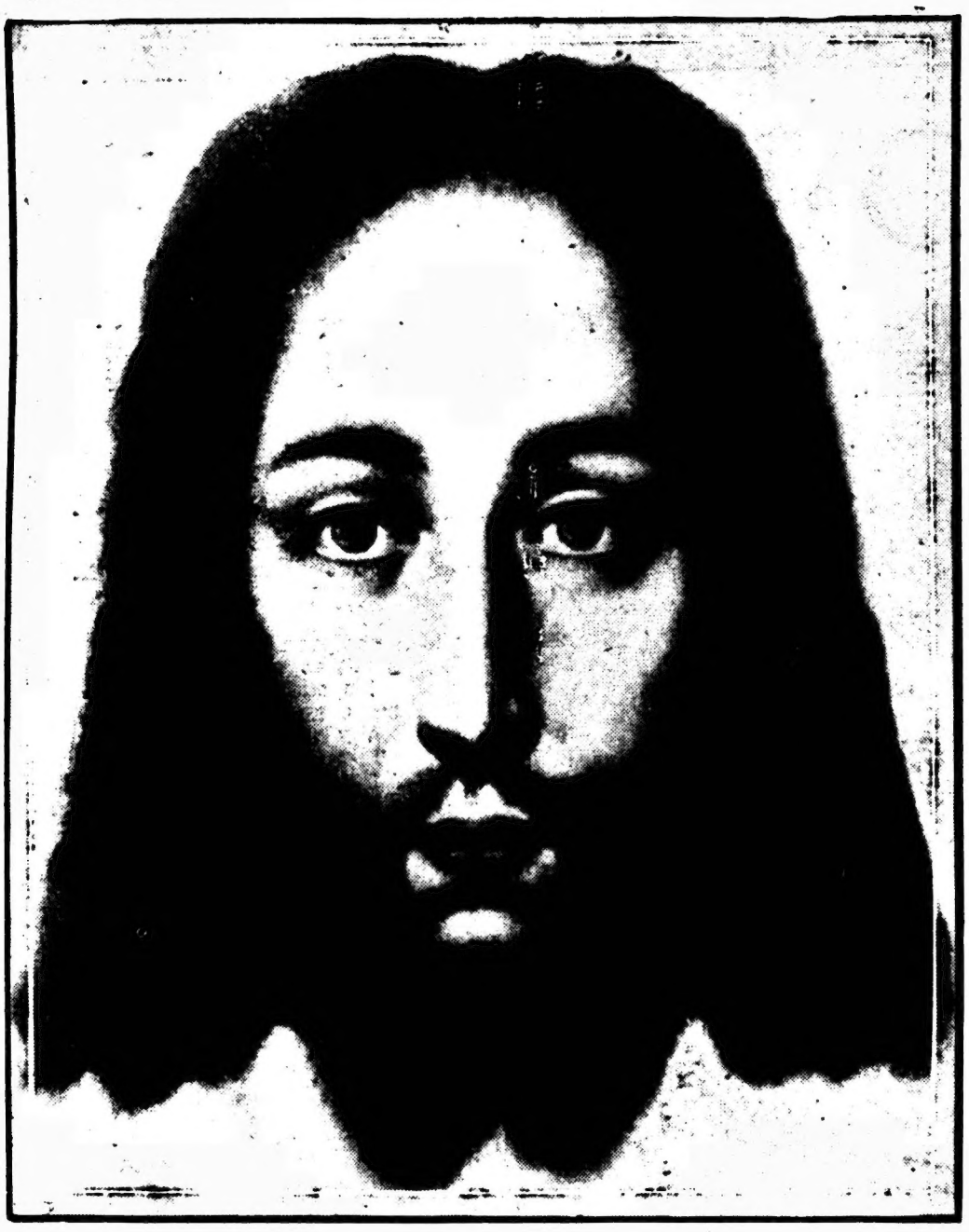
When he broke with the National Government for good and all there was an outburst of public comment about the rupture of relationships between two such old friends as the Premier and himself—but this was based upon an entire mis-reading of their characters.

THEY never lived together on terms of easy companionship; they were poles asunder in mood and thought. The Premier's mind is subtle and tortuous, he is incorrigibly introspective; Lord Snowden is clear-cut, incisive and little given to self-examination.

The two men were bound, sooner or later, to come to a head-on collision. From the first Snowden was opposed to the appointment of Mr. MacDonald as Leader after the General Election in 1922, and from then to the end their temperaments were in constant clash.

However harsh the criticism his political adversaries may pass on him, no one has ever assailed his personal integrity or charged him with putting self before conviction.

He is now an onlooker. In the quiet of the countryside the storm of party strife passes him by while he writes the history of an era. The story of his own life epitomises the birth and development of a great movement which still goes on.



The face of Christ as painted by Leonardo da Vinci

What did CHRIST

WHAT, actually, was Jesus like?

If He returned to the world to-day in the flesh, would we recognise Him from written or pictured descriptions?

The Council of Christian Education, which represents Sunday - school teachers in Free Churches throughout England and Wales, decided to take a vote on a number of pictures of Christ. It is said the Council want a "manly figure," something that "seems best to fit modern requirements."

For two thousand years there have been the most intense speculation, the most varying accounts, regarding the face and form of Christ. When He was alive in Palestine the Romans asked for descriptions of Him, and ever since then people all over the world have been asking the same question—What was Jesus like? All this, too, in spite of the pictures and prints that may be seen on every hand, and in every land.

Gospel doesn't tell

The desire for a "manly figure" may seem to be in opposition to the "meek and mild" form of the well-known hymn. Let us then try to settle the question, if possible, and see what chance the Council of Christian Education has to get its ideal—or any ideal—with historical and authentic authority behind it? For if there is any actual description in print or representation in picture that is accurate there need not be any need for a vote, need there?

The first human beings from the outside world to see the living Jesus were the Wise Men of the East, who viewed the Child in the manger of Bethlehem. The last to see Him on earth were the Disciples, who saw Him thrice after the resurrection.

Yet it is a fact that not in any of the Gospels, nor anywhere in the Old Testament, is there anything that can be called a description of the face and form of Jesus as a human being.

Contemporary documents, it may be said at once, have left us no portrait; but it may be taken that His characteristics were commanding and dignified as well as humble and gentle, or He could never have impressed His personality on His generation.

The first detailed description was given to the world long after His death.

In the eighth century, John of Damascus wrote to the effect that Jesus was beautiful and strikingly tall, with fair and slightly curling locks. He had dark eyebrows which met in the middle, an oval countenance, a complexion pale, olive-tinted and of the colour of wheat, bright eyes like the Virgin's, a slightly stooping attitude, a voice sweet and sonorous, and a look expressive of patience, nobleness and wisdom.

But when John of Damascus wrote in this way he had no authority behind him except perhaps a supposed letter which was said to have been written by "Lentulus, President of the People of Jerusalem," to the Roman Senate

"There has appeared," said the letter, "in our times a man of tall stature, beautiful with a venerable countenance, which they who look on can both love and fear. His hair is wavy and crisp, somewhat wine-coloured and glittering as it flows down to His shoulders, with a parting in the middle, after the manner of the Nazarenes. His brow is smooth and most serene; His face is without any spot or wrinkle and glows with a delicate flush. His mouth and nose are of faultless contour; the beard is abundant and hazel-coloured like His hair, not long, but forked. His eyes are prominent, brilliant, and change their colour. In denunciation He is terrible, calm and loving in admonition, cheerful but with unimpaired dignity. He has never been seen to laugh, but oftentimes to weep."

It is easy, is it not, to see in this description the model which served for such great pictures as that of Piero Dei Franceschi's *Resurrection* and many others of the Middle Ages and later?

But the fact is that the letter of this "Lentulus" was a forgery. There never was a person of that name. There never was an office of President of the People of Jerusalem. There was no such letter sent to the Roman Senate. The date of this forgery, by some over-zealous enthusiast, has been placed as somewhere between the eighth and twelfth centuries.

All this shows that the printed word cannot be relied upon. It is to Art that we must turn, because a look at a painted portrait will reveal at a glance more than any book could convey.

Here, however, we are faced with another difficulty. In the early ages the Christian Church regarded with great disfavour any attempt to picture Jesus, and some drawings that did appear were of Pagan origin and were little more than caricatures. In the year 70 A.D., for instance, a sort of effigy was put into circulation that was a strange mixture of pagan fancy and anti-Christian propaganda

Forbidden

There were two very good reasons why the early Church did not put the features of the Master on canvas. It was expressly forbidden that what was worshipped should be depicted in pictures. No churches had any pictures on the walls, and the great historian, Eusebius, explained why to the Empress Constantia when she wrote to him in A.D. 326 asking for a likeness of Jesus.

"Such images," he replied, "are forbidden by the second Commandment," and after telling her that he had seen a woman carrying about with her what pretended to be pictures of Jesus and St. Paul, he mentions that he bought the lot to save any scandal.

There was also the grave considera tion, too, that during the lifetime o Jesus it was an offence against the la for anybody to make or keep any medi or token of one who had died as malefactor. The penalties were persecu tion and perhaps death.

What, then, is the origin of all th pictures that have been painte throughout the ages?

It has been calculated that there ar about four thousand portraits of Jesu which are worthy of real consideration and of those not more than a fe hundreds were executed by great artists The majority have admittedly bee influenced by, or copied from, previou canvases, and among them (apart fro the numerous "infant" paintings) ar pictures of Jesus as a boy, youth, man many bearded and many unbearded many with fair complexion, many wit dark, His expressions varying fro gentleness to the other extreme.

Horrifying picture

Until the fourth century He wa mostly represented as a youth, a boy o about fifteen. A few hundred year later artists began to show Him as a man, and then practically every incident of His life began to be illustrated, fro the birth to His death, resurrection an ascension.

Realism became rampant. Some o the pictures of "the dead Christ" were so revolting that an outcry was raise against them. This was the case in th picture by Castagno, where the spectato sees the soles of the feet of the lyin body, which is violently foreshortened It was stated later that this was merel a dead body painted for practice an then labelled as that of Jesus.

The same criticism was levelle against the Holbein in Basle Museum Here was a dead body stretched out a full length, the hair lank and meagre the limbs attenuated, the mouth horribl open—evidently a nude study of a ma who had been drowned.

The stupendous *Last Judgment* o Michael Angelo, in the Sistine Chapel Rome, was severely criticised when i was unveiled on Christmas Day, 1541 It took the mighty genius eight years to paint, and two of his own picture

ENTER—the UNEXPECTED

IN Aberdeenshire there lives a chauffeur who believes in protecting his home against all eventualities.

Having a home of which he is proud, he visualised the possibility of a fire that might destroy it.

And having a wireless set that must necessarily mean a great deal to a family living in the isolation of the Scottish countryside, he foresaw that that might be damaged by lightning.

"It is often the unexpected that happens," was one of his creeds.

Well, the unexpected *has* happened. Although he based his precautions on the possibility of fire or lightning, the calamity that he feared has come instead from flood. But his precaution stood him in good stead all the same for it consisted of signing a JOHN BULL free insurance form such as you will find on page 16, and thereby secured pro tection against many more than those particular dangers he had in mind.

Although he had not anticipated the possibility of his home being flooded he found to his great satisfaction that he could call upon us to make good the damage, as his letter shows:—

"Many thanks for your cheque in settlement of my claim for damage by flood—we think your insurance scheme is a splendid one."

An impression of the original Mosaic, which may be the first portrait of Our Lord

The Problem that has Baffled the Ages

ook Like?

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Jesus is placed as Judge,
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an athlete, hurling the
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an avenging Jesus ever

portrait?

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on cloth

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St. Prasside, Rome, but
le for public view owing
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tion clings round the
ca" likeness preserved
tome. Veronica is said
matron who offered Jesus
to wipe His face on His
. For this act of com-
iage was miraculously
cloth. The relic is care-
a gilt frame in Rome

and was shown last to an assembly of bishops gathered there in conference.

But on neither of these handkerchiefs are any features now discernible.

A picture of Jesus is also claimed to have been painted by St. Luke. This was first mentioned by a Greek monk, named Michael, in the first century. The picture is in the chapel of the Santa Scala; but its authenticity is not above criticism and has been denied completely, the explanation being that the picture was an imaginary one done by a Greek named Lucas, who lived on Mount Athos.

A head of Jesus was said to have been carved on an emerald, now lost, which was known as the Emerald Vernicle of the Vatican. It is said to have been made by order of the Emperor Tiberius, and it was in the possession of Pope Innocent VIII. But the value of this relic was considerably damaged when it was pointed out that the engraving was a copy of the Saviour's head in Raphael's picture, the *Miraculous Draught of Fishes.*

Didron, the famous critic, put forward the theory that the evolution of the face of Jesus arose out of "a compilation of successive generations, a trait of expression being added by each, or a feature altered until it became such as we know it."

Greatest impression

This, however, has not been generally accepted, for in spite of the varying portraits by artists we now regard the ideal portrait as more like the original mosaic, or faded drawing attributed to St. Peter, than any other representation.

It must be remembered, too, that the scenes depicted by artists are intended to convey different emotions. One of the most haggard Christs was that done by Piero Del Franceschi in his *Resurrection.* Again, one of the most beautiful yet suffering Christs is the Correggio *The Agony in the Garden,* which is in the possession of the Duke of Wellington and hangs in Apsley House, Piccadilly. This is a wonderful painting, and is claimed to be the greatest of the artist.

Both these are masterpieces of the traditional bearded Jesus, but for consummate genius of expression and portrait of this accepted Jesus nothing, it has been claimed, can equal the central figure of Leonardo's *Last Supper,* the now ruined fresco in Milan.

The painter in this picture had models for all the Apostles, but he sought in vain for any model for Jesus. He painted the face up to a certain point and then consulted a friend who was also an artist. The friend advised him to leave the head of Jesus unfinished, because, he said, "you can never surpass, even if you can equal, the beauty and dignity you have already given to the heads of James and John." And that is how the picture remains.

Without model, this head and portrait of Jesus is of the type represented by the mosaic already mentioned, and it is the type found in the *Ecce Homo* of Guido, the *Ecce Homo* of Laville, the *Saviour* of De Caisnee, the unfinished *Head of Christ* by Signol, the *Christ of* Delaroche, and the *Light of the World* by Holman Hunt, a copy of which hangs in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Mystery artist

Beyond the claims of the legends and the mosaic found in the Catacombs, there is not, it must be admitted, any picture of Jesus that can be claimed as His actual picture.

It may be, as has been said, that a common likeness runs through the ages, which artists have consciously or unconsciously portrayed; but it must be remembered that in the year 754 a Council of the Fathers declared that "Christ was too exalted to be figured in human Art in an earthly material after the analogy of any other human body."

Who executed that mosaic found in the Catacombs? Nobody knows. Did St. Peter, if and when he drew that sketch for the daughters of the Roman senator, lay the foundation of the real portrait of Jesus? Nobody can tell definitely. There is no absolute proof that the matron Veronica's handkerchief retained a faithful impression of His face, or that the incident was historically true.

"Portrait of Christ": from the Roman Catacombs

And yet, and yet . . .

The inspiration of genius is never causeless, nor is it unfruitful. Noble pictures have been the open Bible not only to the poor and lowly but to the high and learned also, and the conception of a gifted artist may fill many lives with holy enthusiasm.

Count Zinzendorf, founder of the Moravian settlements, declared that the deepest impression of his religious career was beyond expression, and it was when he stood in front of a picture of the suffering Jesus in a gallery at Dusseldorf. Below the picture were the engraved lines:

I did all this for thee.
What wilt thou do for Me?

Perhaps, then, the truth may be that not any one picture can ever reproduce the real, the ideal, Jesus—not one nor ten thousand! It may well be that every great painting of Him has something in it that gives us a glimpse of the most impressive personality the world has ever seen.

Certain it is that the little mosaic found in the Catacombs has had more influence on pictures of Jesus than anything else. Given that basis, every painter of these sacred portraits seems to have striven to produce the highest conception which he himself could imagine according to the age in which he lived and moved.

Homely Wisdom—by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D

DOES SELF-SACRIFICE PAY?

CRICKET is usually spoken of as our national game, though one would think football runs it close for this distinction. Everybody knows what is meant when we say that an action "isn't cricket." We mean that it is dishonourable, unsporting, selfish, contemptible.

When we say that a fellow is not playing the game we mean just that. He is looking after himself all the time and ready to take a mean advantage.

On the contrary, the man who plays the game is a man who will do his best for the cause to which he devotes himself, and so long as that cause wins he will not be particular whether he gets credit for it or not.

Many readers of JOHN BULL will remember the name of C. T. Studd, for as a young man he was one of the best cricketers England ever produced.

What, perhaps, is less well known is the way this famous cricketer lived the rest of his life after his cricketing days were done.

He was a man of firm religious convictions, but these made no great difference to his way of living until one day he was challenged by an atheist.

I forget the exact wording of the challenge, but in substance it came to this: If I believed what you believe, said the atheist, I should put my whole heart into it; I should not rest until I had persuaded everybody I could to share my opinions, for these would be of more importance to me than any kind of worldly success; and I should count no sacrifice too great to make in the work of spreading the good news.

Studd responded to the challenge with amazing thoroughness. He was a rich man, but he gave all his wealth away for the support of good objects and went abroad as a missionary.

In China, India and Africa he lived as a poor man among poor men. Not only so, but he lived a life of voluntary lack of civilised comfort among uncivilised people. He died in the heart of tropical Africa a year or two ago.

What did he get in return for all this? Well, according to his own unvarying testimony he got happiness and peace of mind. It was sufficient reward for him to be the kind of man who could live that kind of life. He never asked to be paid in any other coin, and he never waited for gratitude or admiration.

Such an example puts most of us to shame. What fools we are to bother about what other people think about us or how they treat us! To look for recognition and applause when we do well is to diminish the perfection of the achievement. And to resent the withholding of what we conceive to be our due is to show ourselves petty-minded.

The wrongdoer is more to be pitied than the wronged; to be incapable of reciprocating a generous action is its own punishment; you need never try to add to it.

It is a wonderful law of our deeper nature that the more a good deed exacts from us in the way of personal sacrifice the more satisfaction we get out of it. And the lasting reward of brave and noble living is the gladness of having chosen well.

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to SOMERSET MAUGHAM

You Know When to Leave Well Alone

DEAR WILLIE,—So you have retired from playwriting—and before you are sixty!

Well, some of the others went on too long. Pinero's newest plays began to be old-fashioned. Henry Arthur Jones looked back on fashions that had gone.

True it is that Shaw wrote "St. Joan," his greatest play, and the greatest play of our time, when he was 67—and that "The Apple Cart," written when he was over 70, flattered Tories for over a year.

But dramatic forms change. They do not like deep thinking to-day. They prefer the inconsequential stuff of the Noel Coward type, no epigrams, but "remarks," not bold challenge, but youthful indiscretions.

Anyway, you, my dear Willie, will remain, in my mind, as a supreme example of the English dramatist from the point of view of craftsmanship.

* * *

You always wrote well-made plays. Yes, and you often had something to say. You have become, lately, something of a moralist. In "Our Betters" you wrote what is probably the greatest comedy of manners written since Sheridan. In that you lashed the social world you saw around you. Indeed, some people really gave names to the characters. And, in New York, I remember they sold outside the theatre these "real names," all fake, of course, on slips of paper.

When, nearly twenty years later, you satirised Youth in "The Bread Winner," Youth did not like it. When, in "For Services Rendered," you exposed the wasted cruelty of war, they liked it even less.

Then when, in "Sheppey," you drew a picture of a barber who, in spite of the fact that he had won a big prize in the Sweep, tried to live like Christ, they liked it even less.

I have always admired your craftsmanship. Yes, among the craftsmen you had more literary courage than any of them. This often got you into trouble.

We all remember the row that your novel "Cakes and Ale" caused. You were accused of putting Thomas Hardy in a book and belittling him.

You have been the victim of a great deal of that sort of thing.

Well, at least I shall remember of you your beginning. When you were thirty, your first play, "A Man of Honour," caused talk, but that was all. Three years later, when "Lady Frederick" burst into a sudden success, all the managers rushed at you. So you took out of the bottom drawer three plays that had been rejected time after time—"Jack Straw," "Mrs. Dot" and "The Explorer." And you created a theatrical record by having four original plays, all by the same man, being acted in London at the same time!

You have had your share of misfortune. I remember how "The Circle," one of the best comedies ever written, was a failure when first performed. It was too cynical. London hates cynicism.

Then when "The Letter" was done at the Playhouse, after being a success in America, what a row there was on the first night!

You sat in a box, before the curtain went up, looking down on an angry pit. I was implored to go over to stop their yelling. The pit, too, called on me to put right what they considered their "injustice." They had been shown into three rows of seats that were really stalls. What screams went up!

I objected to one line in that play, and, if I remember, it was taken out in consequence. Still, I have often censored authors, after the Lord Chamberlain has passed their play.

* * *

Your books will live longer than your plays. They are more truthful. That is what has got you into trouble very often.

Years ago, when a novelist took something from real life, there was no cable service. Nor were newspapers very widely read. Now, to-day, what an author writes can be known right across the world within a few hours.

So your truthfulness to life—you have put down things you have seen and heard and known—has caused the tongues to wag.

You are one of the men who know that Life is greater than Art, that Fact is more important than Fiction.

Perhaps "Liza of Lambeth" will remain, after all the comedies are forgotten. You wrote it when you were a humble doctor at St. Thomas's Hospital. It was in those days, too, that, unrecognised, you wrote "Of Human Bondage."

Those two books are worthy of being put beside the best that have been written in our time. And you remain, of course, one of the two or three best short-story writers in the world.

There, again, you write down truth.

Well, I think you are wise to retire from the stage. This is a strident age. So much youthful immaturity is hailed as genius, often by silly boy critics who have scarcely ever heard of you.

Why risk your worth to their judgment? It isn't fair. . . .

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Mrs. ALEFOUNDER,
Chairman, Croydon Bench

YOUR WORSHIP, — Your outburst against the "impossible wages" paid by the Post Office will be welcomed by the whole public.

Before you appeared a postman charged with theft; he had five young children and received only £2 11s. 6d. a week.

You know, as we all know, that a man cannot keep his family decently on such a wage in London. You believe, though the Government doesn't, that a man employed by the State in a job involving integrity and responsibility should not be led into temptation by a disgracefully low wage.

I have told, far too often, of Post Office workers who receive even less than this man. That these conditions are tolerated is a slur on Britain.

JOHN BULL.

Sir HENRY BETTERTON,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR HENRY,—For far too long cotton operatives have been cheated out of their proper wages by unscrupulous employers.

You are going to bring in legislation to make voluntary wage rates legally binding—a step that all Lancashire will welcome.

I hope you will next turn your attention to the other industries where unfair conditions prevail. JOHN BULL.

Mr. Justice SWIFT: "Divorce is not matter for individual requirements," you said, dismissing petition, "but matter for the State." But people seek divorce for their personal happiness, not to oblige the State!—JOHN BULL.

Miss B. L. BEECHAM,
City Hospital, Sheffield

DEAR MATRON,—I cannot see the slightest reason for your refusal to allow probationer nurses to attend an annual ball.

Your veto was all the more hard because it was made at the last moment, so that the nurses had to give their tickets away.

I needn't tell you that nursing is a particularly arduous career, but I must tell you that nothing could be more unfair than to deprive its members of harmless pleasure.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEORGE LANSBURY, M.P.
House of Commons

DEAR GEORGE,—In appealing for funds for the School Journeys Association you said that, if you were a millionaire, you would cheerfully provide hostels and money for that purpose.

I know you well enough to believe that had you all the money in the world you wouldn't have it long—you'd give it away in quick time, but always with the common weal in view.

I have it always in mind that posterity will regard the name of George Lansbury as that of a public benefactor.

JOHN BULL.

THE CORPORATION,
Birmingham

GENTLEMEN,—For five years a family of eight persons have lived in a small washhouse. Four of the children have slept in the coal shed!

The Bench which granted an ejectment order described this scandal as "abominable." The Clerk could not understand why you have allowed it to continue.

Nor can I. Have your officials had one eye or both eyes closed?

JOHN BULL.

Rev. A. E. B. WADE,
Vicar of Bentley, Doncaster

DEAR VICAR,—Mind you don't antagonise your congregation by carrying your puritan ideas to excess.

You forbid the local operatic society the use of the parish hall because its chorus rehearsed in blouses and shorts for a charity revue. Now you have dismissed the scoutmaster for being associated with the society and told him that the scouts "would have to go home."

Such antics bring the Church into disrepute. JOHN BULL.

JOHN EDWARD BIBBY,
Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester

FOOL,—You really shouldn't be allowed out without a keeper.

Your false alarms of fire have so far cost you £35 in fines, and no doubt the magistrates will wear out your pockets before you wear out their patience.

But I have long urged that people like you should be sent to jail, and a spell of hard labour would probably teach you sense more quickly than a succession of fines.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. S. RADFORD,
Portishead, Somerset

DEAR SIR,—Though twice severely wounded, you have almost managed to forget the War. Now it has been recalled to your mind, rather comically.

You have just received medals for your service in France.

Which goes to prove that if our Brasshats sleep long, they do occasionally awake.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. J. F. RIDEAL,
Chairman, Barnsley Bench

DEAR SIR,—A bookmaker fined by you asked for the return of his betting slips so he could pay the money he had lost. That was an honest thing.

And it was a sensible and human thing for you to oblige him.

JOHN BULL.

JOHN AMOS WATSON,
Carlisle

WATSON,—A railway guard with forty-five years' service, you would have been entitled next year to a well-earned pension.

But, by stealing a paltry 22s., you have sacrificed your character, your job and pension—and received six weeks' imprisonment.

I think you deserved punishment. But I am wondering whether the punishment isn't too heavy.

JOHN BULL.

Bishop of MANCHESTER: Petulance is unworthy of statesmen, you say, because Government is angry at Church's advice on "dole" cuts. Yes, and silence on this matter would be unworthy of Church.—JOHN BULL.

Sir ALEC BLACK, Bart.,
Field House, Grimsby

DEAR SIR ALEC,—It was a kindly thought that prompted you to provide the children on your new housing estate with free 'bus rides to school.

I know the long distances which children in rural districts have to tramp to their daily lessons; I hope your example will be followed by well-to-do men. JOHN BULL.

SAMUEL STEVENS,
Ives Street, Chelsea

SCOUNDREL,—For a whole year you pretended you were a single man to gain a girl's affection and "steal the money she handed to you in the confidence inspired by your love."

I am only sorry the magistrate didn't think it merited a heavier sentence than the four months he gave you.

JOHN BULL.

ALFRED T. C. HENDERSON,
Glasgow

CUR,—You are as despicable as any man could be. For, a patient in hospital, you robbed helpless sufferers who entrusted you with their money to make purchases for them when you went out on a day's leave.

You admitted eleven charges of this kind, and no one will think you too severely treated by a sentence of eighteen months' imprisonment.

JOHN BULL.

SPRING SONG!

by A. G. Gardiner

y I am going to lay. Only a busman's day, it is true; but still a day. Away with books, with newspapers, away the tangled affairs of ensible world of men! will "go forth and share g sun" and forget the nxieties of life in the nings that are going on

custom of good old Sir riey when he got into the em" loudly. "It does me e, "to clear my pipes in air."

ly old boy were with us, "clear his pipes" now! s come, and April is here 's "sweet o' the year," tree bole is in twig leaf dows are "smo'ored wi' they say in the Yorkshire ery moment is a moment

en mysteries

the revelation, mysteries. in the foreground, as I y clusters of full-blown r the lime trees—yellow white and purple. But e garden under the apple ers are white and purple the difference and, as my yellow crocuses, I probe

t the field mice that infest ook at the bank pock- heir entrances and exits— a passion for the bulbs of s as I have for the blooms. of the white and purple ot suit their palate. them severely alone, to oom under the apple trees. ce have eaten the yellow the apple trees, why have those beneath the lime

y, too, is solved. Here the ere set deeper, beyond the ield mouse's acute sense of owers of excavation. the little dramas of the be explained. Why, for our blackbirds deserted le that climbs up by the three years past they have t in the same place. to May we have watched dow the doings of our de- neighbours, from the first e for their nest to the day ng fledgelings tumbled out e to scrape a living for low under the tutelage of rds.

Removal

month the old birds came honeysuckle I thought the ewed. They prospected the d the cosiest spot for their d then for a few days you n flitting to and fro, bring- aws and soil and mosses est.

enly something happened heir plans. What it was them we shall never know. andoned the honeysuckle, est unfinished, and estab- elves in the secrecy of a by. They seem very com- all is going well with them, cautiously looked through the foliage at the new nest to-day I saw the promise of the coming family.

The air is alive with song—listen to that lark soaring above the meadow beyond—and thrills with intimations of the great awakening. It is coming more suddenly than usual, for the cold winds and the night frosts of the winter have kept the new life in check. In more unseasonable years I have seen that mirabella plum hedge yonder more green in January than it is on this last day of March, and in the orchard the fruit buds have been unusually late in venturing out.

But now the preliminaries are over and the full orchestra is beginning. There is that exquisite strum in the air that tells that the beehives are stirring with the ichor of Spring and are sending out their first foragers of the year. It is little they can pick up yet, even in the way of pollen. But soon the damson and the cherry trees will be in blossom, the first heralds of the glorious feast that awaits the bees when every flower border and hedge and fruit tree is a table of delicacies set for their ravishing.

There is a quivering expectancy and urgency in all things. Even in the silence of the bare beech woods you may catch the breathings of the new life that is about to scatter the myriad brown sheaths of the leaf buds and disclose the summer garment of the trees. And even the unmelodious chatter of the jays and magpies is a part of that anthem of earth to the season "When half of the world a bridegroom s, And half of the world a bride."

It is not only the birds which are busy about their love-making, their coming families and their household arrangements. The queen wasp that swished by me just now—the first I have seen this year—was filled with the same fever of important business afoot.

Home of the Queen

She was out to find a suitable hole in the ground where she could produce that innumerable family that will feast so gluttonously upon the ripening apples and pears of August and drink themselves shamelessly drunk whenever they come across the dregs of a pot of beer.

I suppose I ought to have "swotted" that queen wasp—if I could—or at least have sought her place of hiding. But I have a soft place in my heart for the wasp, who, with all his faults, is a clean fellow and only uses his formidable weapon when he is attacked. Moreover, it is no easy thing to spot the tiny hole in which the queen wasp sets up housekeeping.

If you are lucky—and want to kill the brood—you may perchance find it later in the year.

You may, as I have done, notice an early wasp emerging from the grass, followed by another and another. Being curious, you look more closely, discover the hole from whence they come and find that this first batch of the family is engaged in enlarging the quarters inside for the reception of the fast-growing mob of wasps.

You marvel at the vast lumps of earth they stumble up with and deposit outside, and if you admire industry and if your compassion extends to wasps you will leave it to someone else to administer the paraffin that will wreck that wonderful community.

Miracle flights

And any day now the last assurance of Spring will be with us. Any day now the great migrants from the south may arrive and we may hear the twofold shout of the cuckoo over the woodlands, and see the swallows performing their miracles of flight over the pastures and about the farm buildings.

Then a few days later our days will be suddenly lengthened far into the night, and we shall remember with gratitude that patron saint of summer-time, St. Willett, who gave us those long, precious spring and summer evenings in which to play tennis and cricket, and boat on the river and potter about our garden.

Yes, it is a great time.

When royalties and celebrities arrive or have birthdays or weddings it is a custom to greet the event with a salute of guns—a dozen guns or twenty guns as the case may be.

Why should we not celebrate the arrival of that most gracious guest, the Spring, not with a salute of guns, but with grateful hearts and sounding voices? Let us "clear our pipes" with Sir Roger and salute the coming of Spring.

Not from the B.B.C.—Dame Sybil Thorndike sees

HEALTH *in* HORROR

SOME people to the playhouse go
In quest of fun and frolic,
While others seek a tale of woe,
Some drama melancholic;
From daily cares they find relief
By wallowing in others' grief.

Sadness is all right in its way,
And, if you wish to frivol,
By all means pick the sort of play
That's full of comic drivel;
But if you'd tone your system up,
On horror you will choose to sup!

When from locked rooms come piercing screams,
The stoutest heart to shatter,
And on a corpse green limelight streams,
What time your molars chatter—
Sit tight, for, if your nerves survive
The strain, your health is bound to thrive!

Some people show a regrettable tendency to reach for the salt when I advocate horror as an aid to health. They seem to think that I am indulging in the un-Dame-like hobby of pulling the public's leg.

So let me assure you that I was serious when I informed an interviewer that an appetite for stage horror is "a sign of a vigorous healthy outlook on life."

Some psychologists hold that an excessive interest in corpses and graveyards, in passion, poison and putrefaction is evidence of morbidity; but this is all nonsense.

Really advanced thinkers regard the Chamber of Horrors as a much more elevating place than the House of Lords, and they do not hesitate to bestow their blessing on Grand Guignol bellowdrama as an aid to physical well-being.

Horror, skilfully administered, with the aid of green limelight and shiver music from the orchestra, accelerates the pulsations of a lazy heart, affects the spinal cord like electric massage, strengthens the hair, opens the pores, stimulates the liver, and is a certain cure for that feeling of fulness after meals

For sufferers from claustrophobia, or fear of a confined space, I can imagine nothing more beneficial than a visit to a breezy entertainment in which I am playing the part of an insane crone who locks a shrieking girl in a sound-proof vault.

People who don't like this sort of thing must be degenerate specimens of the Bulldog breed—poor, puling citizens of the kind who turn cold at the sight of an income-tax demand note and crumple up in the presence of a determined mother-in-law.

I can only feel sorry for such dainty cowards and their childish inability to appreciate the beauty of ugliness!

There is beauty in a murder nicely planned,
Attended by a steady flow of gore!
There is something most delightful
In a scene that's really frightful,
When a madman froths and writhes upon the floor!

Grand Guignol has a splendour of its own,
So normal people hear with pained surprise
That some fainthearts went quite dizzy
When they saw me getting busy
With a bodkin to gouge out a maiden's eyes!

Their attitude I'll never understand,
For scenes like this, when all is said and done,
If we look upon them rightly,
Are both beautiful and sprightly—
The epitome of healthy English fun!

MARIAN NIXON says, "I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly."

"Our beauty secret will keep *YOUR* skin smooth and youthful . . ."

say 846 Hollywood and British stars

DIANA COTTON, a *Gaumont-British* screen actress finds, "It leaves my skin so softly smooth."

JOYCE KIRBY, another *Gaumont-British* film actress, says, "It is a splendid skin soap."

JANE CARR, one of the British stars, who is another regular user of Lux Toilet Soap. "I love its lather," she says.

HOPE DAVEY, well known in British films, says, "It keeps my skin just as I like it — youthfully clear and soft."

YOU have noticed on the screen the charm of smooth, youthful skin. You see it in everyday life. How to have and hold that vital charm . . . that is *your* problem.

MARIAN NIXON will solve your problem. She is one of the 846 lovely stars who use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. These are her words: "We've all been using Lux Toilet Soap for years. It *does* keep the skin young-looking; I've used this beauty soap myself for a number of years and it has always kept my skin as I like it — youthful, exquisitely smooth, soft, and clear." Could there be greater proof than this?

USED BY 846 OF THE LEADING 857 STARS

The reason is the same for all these stars. "*Lux Toilet Soap holds youth and beauty in the skin.*" This is why they made it the one *official* beauty soap in all the great studios both in Hollywood and England!

You too can have and hold a smooth, clear and youthfully lovely complexion. Use Lux Toilet Soap — *regularly!* It costs no more than ordinary soaps. Gives a quick, rich lather which thoroughly cleanses the pores of the skin. A pure-white tablet, a delicate perfume. Buy Lux Toilet Soap from your grocer or dealer. Use it for the bath and shampoo as well.

TL 565-93-65

LUX TOILET SOAP 3D. *a tablet*

This price applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only

A LEVER PRODUCT

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS *from* SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

ROYAL NAMES EXPLOITED

MISUSED TO LURE INVESTORS

DARING impertinence is a natural asset of the financial adventurer.

Constantly the names of influential people are used, without authority, to foster confidence in some unsound proposition.

But surely the very extreme limit of impertinence, and also imprudence, is reached when members of the Royal Family are mentioned in a letter lure to investors.

Yet that is what happened in the case which I review below.

The beginning of the story may be traced to an advertisement in a national daily newspaper asking for partnership in a "progressive, manufacturing London business."

A reply to the advertisement was sent by Mr. W. G. Hedley, of Nimrod Road, Streatham, and in due course he received a letter from a certain James McArdle, with an address in Lancaster Road, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey.

Attractive proposal

"We are manufacturers of a product known as 'Anti-Pluvia,' which is a water-proofing compound," wrote McArdle. "The product has been on the market for some years and is largely used by manufacturers. It is admitted the most effective proofing material on the market.

"We are now converting our business into a private limited company with the object of developing the retail trade. Arrangements are at present being made for demonstration of our process at all the big London departmental stores, and travellers are being engaged to call upon the retail shopkeepers.

"For your information, I would mention that our product *has been patronised by Her Majesty the Queen and the Princess Royal*, and that the process is so simple and its uses so many that its appeal and need is very great.

"The position we have to offer calls for a thoroughly responsible gentleman of great integrity, who will probably have the handling of quite large sums of money, and who is capable of controlling both a male and female staff."

Quite an attractive proposal, thought Mr. Hedley, after he read that descriptive communication. He was, of course, influenced in his first opinion by the introduction of the Royal names.

Interviews followed at an office in Southampton Row, London. There Mr. Hedley met James McArdle and a Thomas Delaney.

Further glowing accounts were given of "Anti-Pluvia." This wonderful water-proofing was gloriously simple.

Apparently any kind of garment or material could be made completely wet-resisting by simply immersing it in a solution of "Anti-Pluvia" and water.

"Lightning results at little cost"; "Sure in its results"; "101 uses," and "It costs so little" were to be among the selling slogans of this amazing production.

Unfortunately for his bank balance, Mr. Hedley was induced to join in the venture. He paid over £50 to Delaney as a first instalment of his investment, and afterwards another cheque for £100, with which a banking account, "Anti-Pluvia," was opened.

In due course a company was established, with Mr. Hedley and McArdle as the directors, and Delaney as the secretary.

That was towards the end of last year, and now, after three months only, Mr. Hedley is sadly disillusionised.

Not a penny

He has, however, formed a very definite opinion concerning both McArdle and Delaney.

During its short existence "Anti-Pluvia, Ltd.," has done scarcely any business.

All the company's money has gone and Mr. Hedley has received not a penny.

Several times he arranged demonstrations of the water-proofing liquid with large retailers, but "Anti-Pluvia" did not live up to its supposed reputation. *All the demonstrations were failures.*

What Mr. Hedley has in return for his investment and his experience is a block of worthless shares in this strange private company.

Some interesting facts are disclosed by the bank pass-book of the company.

On January 15 an amount of £300 was paid into the account, and on that very same day cheques were drawn for £250 in favour of McArdle, and for £50 in favour of Delaney.

Although he has pressed repeatedly for it, no explanation has been given to Mr. Hedley, the other director, for this sudden withdrawal of money from the company's funds.

He has also endeavoured—without success—to glean some reason for frequent payments from the company to McArdle.

Replying to Mr. Hedley's justifiable enquiries on this point, McArdle wrote in this curious fashion:—"The reason why I did not reply to your previous letter was because it was so rich in threats of Scotland Yard and solicitors that I simply ignored it."

Unusual language for one director to use to his fellow-member of the board.

By the beginning of February the company held a credit balance of 4s. 2d. only; against which there was a sum owing of £4 18s. 6d. to printers for work done.

I am sympathetic with Mr. Hedley over his losses, but am not at all surprised that he was victimised through his association with James McArdle and Thomas Delaney.

Both these men have unenviable reputations, and have been connected with dubious undertakings.

My enquiries show that James McArdle, director of the ill-fated "Anti-Pluvia, Ltd.," is the same individual who several years ago was the proprietor of Alexandra and Co., the most notorious firm of house and estate agents in London.

Financial jugglery

Scores of people had money taken from them by Alexandra and Co. The concern used to advertise extensively unfurnished flats and accommodation for letting. Enquirers who requested particulars were each charged ten shillings before any list of the reputed vacant apartments was supplied.

The business was a fee-snatching "racket," for included in the firm's lists were premises which were not to let at all, and others which had never been placed on the books of Alexandra and Co.

Because of the publicity which his efforts in the way of house agency attracted, James McArdle turned to fresh fields.

Whenever complaint has come to me of the schemes of James McArdle, investigation has disclosed some unpleasant financial jugglery behind the scenes.

And now for Thomas Delaney, Secretary to "Anti-Pluvia, Ltd." I can say for him that he is a fitting partner to McArdle.

For Delaney was formerly a prime mover in a firm of business transfer agents who specialised in employment with investment offers.

Through Delaney, people were persuaded to invest money in worthless concerns. He, of course, was on sure ground. He collected fees for an introduction and then left his client to the mercy of others.

From the experience of Mr. Hedley, it seems that both James McArdle and Thomas Delaney are at their old games.

I trust that this article may prevent other individuals from entrusting any investment to this crooked pair.

Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs

ROGUES *on your* DOORSTEP

GRAVE misuse of the names of prominent and much-advertised British firms is being made by bands of door-to-door sellers who are travelling the country.

These pests—in some instances they are young women—are offering toilet preparations—soap, shampoo powder, bath salts and the like—to householders and their servants.

In their selling talk the canvassers either state directly or give the impression that the goods are from a well-known firm of perfumers and soap manufacturers of Bond Street, London.

All manner of fantastic stories are told in the hope of securing customers. For example that "the firm has gone in for a free gift scheme and are offering articles worth 4s. 6d. for the price of 1s. 6d.," or that "We are doing this in order to keep our staff at work."

People buy the goods under the suggestion that they are made by a famous house, and therefore must be excellent; but on examination or use discover the preparations are of the cheapest possible kind.

Obviously this campaign of misrepresentation is widespread, for one important firm has received complaints from people who have been victimised in this way in all parts of the country and most of the London districts.

Complaints have reached the firm from so far away as Scotland and Northern Ireland.

Not long ago a man was caught in the fraud at Woolwich, and was prosecuted. Evidence before the magistrate showed that the defendant, when selling bath salts, declared that they were guaranteed as the product of a firm whose name is a household word.

Upon analysis, the salts were found to contain 97.8 per cent. of ordinary salt, an ideal concoction for *pickling*, but not for bathing.

It was admitted by the defendant that he bought the salts from a Houndsditch dealer at the price of 1s. 4d. per dozen packets. He was fined 40s. for selling goods under a false trade description, the magistrate remarking that it was a serious case.

There appeared, added the magistrate, to be some combination whose job it was to put upon the market under a false description these inferior goods.

We strongly recommend people who are worried to purchase spurious toilet preparations at the door to turn the canvassers away if there has been any misuse of well-known names, and also to inform the police.

Caught Knitting!

THREATS of prosecution for blackmail are a part of the programme of W. E. Hare, owner and manager of the Selwyn Knitwear Company, of Brighton.

Hare is full of blackmail suggestions. What he does is to write to people who complain about the methods of his undesirable business, suggesting that he will take action against them in the criminal courts.

The man has been exposed in JOHN BULL time and again. He has carried on business under a variety of trading names. At present it is the Selwyn Knitwear Company, of Brighton (formerly of St. Margaret's Street, Canterbury), but in other years it was the Terry Silk Company, with addresses at different times in Hull, Sheffield and Leeds.

It is the habit of Hare to advertise in local newspapers offering home knitting work. Those who answer his advertisements find that it is necessary to forward 16s. for a supply of silk with which the garments, supposedly needed by Hare, are to be made.

When the articles are sent to Hare he frequently returns them with some excuse that they are not up to his standard. Thus the client has expended time and money to no purpose.

For years Hare has been declaring that he will proceed against disillusioned clients who endeavour to get their money back from him, but we have yet to learn of his having taken definite action

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

BIG MONEY FOR YOU. Cochrane & Sons help you to make money. Ladies' Knickers, 5/6 doz. Sell 9d. per pair. Overalls, 4/11 doz. Sell at 8½d. each. Gent's Wool Socks, 4/6 doz. 1/- line for 8½d. pair. Hundreds of other bargains. Come and see us or write for Free Catalogue.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

FREE PRICE LIST for Dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS. Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time, every kind, good profits. 176-page Catalogue free.—MAY (125), George St., Birmingham.

DRAPERY, Hosiery, Underwear and Boots. Illus. Catlg. for Credit Drapers and Beginners Post Free. Keenest prices (wholesale only).—M. Morris, 110-113, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

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A REGULAR BUSINESS can be quickly built up with our high-class lines. NO OUTLAY.—Write, J. SOUHAMI & Co., 21, Farringdon Road, E.C.1.

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Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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WALLPAPERS from Mills from 2½d. roll. New designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

THAT GARDEN SHED you want can be yours for a small amount down. See offer foot of p. 3.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-. 75 home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robe, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

FILL in coupon in "Berkeley" Chair advt. on page 29 for free illus. Catlg. Patterns and partics. of "Superlax" model offered for only 10/- down. Send coupon now.

WRITE to the address in "ROBBIALAC" ad. on p. 32 for free leaflet and colour card of Robbialac Synthetic Finishes for Cycles, etc.

THIS COUPON CAN MEAN AT LEAST £2 TO YOU

SIMPLY fill in your name and address on the Coupon below and post it for full particulars of the "Worldwide" Clubs—it can mean from £2 up to £5 and more to you.

"Worldwide" Clubs are a happy opportunity for you to earn, in a few minutes of your spare time each week, a good Commission and Profit-share in an easy and pleasant way. You also benefit your friends—they buy direct from the Warehouse on the very simple terms of 1/- weekly and at Warehouse prices, saving them from 5/- to 10/- in the £. Boots and Shoes, Ladies' and Men's Wear, Fashions, Furniture, Crockery, and Household Goods of every description.

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Please send me free and without obligation your Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and particulars of the "Worldwide" Clubs, showing how I can earn from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

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(Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required.)

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FREE.—48-page book for Asthma and Catarrh sufferers. Turn to the offer on p. 31. Everyone suffering from these distressing complaints should fill in the coupon for a copy of this remarkable book. Absolutely free. It tells how Dr. Hair made his wonderful health-restoring discovery. Cut out the coupon and post it now!

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DON'T overlook the advt. on the Back Cover. A sample of "ELASTO" for bad legs and circulatory diseases together with free booklet are offered to sufferers. Simply fill in the coupon.

FREE!—THE COUPON on p. 37 will bring you a GENEROUS SAMPLE of "Bisurated Magnesia," the well-known Indigestion remedy, together with a free Treatise on Digestive Troubles. Fill in and post the coupon now, while you think of it!

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BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

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START A MAIL ORDER BUSINESS in your own home. Commence small, grow big. Expenses low, profits high. Either sex, anywhere, can commence in this lucrative, fascinating business. A free folder, "How to Start a Mail Order Business," fully describes the Hand system of mail order selling, and a copy will be sent post free and without obligation if you write to Chas. Hand, 186, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2. Mention *John Bull* and enclose 1½d. stamp.

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SEND 6d. for complete trial outfit of "ICILMA" BEAUTY PREPARATIONS. — The address appears in the advt. on p. 16.

A FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE of "Harlene" Hair Cream is offered in the advt. on p. 27.

There are Bargains for Everybody on pages 2 & 3.

CARPET FRAUD that beats the LOT

FAMOUS millionaires, world-renowned collectors of curios and antiques of untold value, American statesmen and Roumanian princes, figure in turn in the most astonishingly successful swindle we have exposed.

Individual losses in complaints which have been brought to our notice range from £200 to as much as £20,000.

So gigantic has the fraud now become that a special squad of detectives, under Detective Inspector William Thomas, of Scotland Yard, have for some time been conducting an intensive investigation.

The offenders concerned are super-thieves indeed, and possess unlimited audacity. For they play the biggest confidence trick ever known, and one which is quite new to the authorities.

A wealthy colonel, who lives in retirement on a big estate in the provinces, received a visit a month or two ago from two men, who arrived by car.

The chief spokesman announced his name as being "Major Ross."

Story unfolded

Both were obviously globe-trotters of no small experience, as could be judged rapidly from their conversation, and, as they had written previously intimating that they would call, they were received immediately upon arrival.

Ensconced in the colonel's lounge, with drinks and cigars, they quickly came to business. It so happened that the colonel was a great lover of antiques and tapestries, and spent many of his leisure hours in buying treasures of all kinds in different parts of the world.

"Major Ross" and his companion had known of his weakness in this direction for a long time, and, asserting quite openly that they had sought him out with the hope of being able to transact business with him, unfolded their story.

They, too, were both experts in antiques and tapestries of great value, but their interest was not actuated by sentimental considerations.

"We are just financiers, colonel," admitted "Ross," "and we buy and sell art treasures for a living."

The latter, and his companion, had not been long in the colonel's mansion before they had seen everything of value there. Obviously connoisseurs, and seemingly acquainted with many well-known collectors, they aroused no suspicion in their host's mind.

It pleased him, indeed, to escort them round and to show them his treasures and to describe how he had acquired some of them.

They admired everything, but seemed to be most delighted with some of the carpets and tapestries. One carpet, one man declared, was matchless, and would fetch "*any* money."

Thus was the conversation turned to carpets. Though the colonel could not realise it at the time, this was the first stage in the great fraud that was being carefully engineered about him.

Then "Ross," who did most of the speaking, told the colonel that it was principally about valuable carpets that they had called upon him. They were in touch with a man who, temporarily pressed financially, could be persuaded to sell part of his treasures at "marvellous prices."

He had one carpet which, worth three or four thousands, would look wonderful if laid next to the colonel's "matchless" possession. With a little gentle pressure, he would probably sell it for fifteen hundred pounds or so.

Enter the millionaire

The colonel was genuinely interested, and money to him was no object where the purchase of valuables was concerned. So, when a further appointment had been made, the visitors departed.

Three days later, when they arrived once again at the mansion, they were intensely excited. They told the colonel that they had not only induced their client to sell, but had persuaded him to let them have the carpet, and others, for approval.

These treasures were now carried into the house with great ceremony, and laid out for inspection.

Though they were not really worth the price demanded, they appeared to be perfectly genuine, and, in fairness to the colonel, it must be admitted that many experts were later deceived as to their real value.

After much argument as to the price of the best exhibit, "Ross" said that he would return to London to see the owner and try to induce him to sell at a lower price.

Detective-Inspector William Thomas, of Scotland Yard, has been investigating frauds of this type

Once more the deal was postponed, and the two clever schemers left for London, leaving the carpets in the custody of their prospective dupe to inspire confidence.

On their next visit the men from London announced that a famous millionaire, who was noted for his collection of antiques and priceless treasures, had heard about the "matchless" carpet which the colonel had agreed to buy and had offered a gigantic sum for it.

The hitch

Now the astounding scheme was put up to the dupe that he should allow the millionaire to see the carpet in his own mansion, where it now lay, and that the colonel should allow them to negotiate the sale as though he had already bought it. The difference was to be shared between them in agreed proportions.

The colonel had quite definitely made up his mind not to give more than a certain price for the carpet, and saw no reason why he should not participate in the "deal," particularly as the American millionaire might like to purchase one or two possessions which he had for disposal.

So, under the persuasive tongue of his visitors, he agreed to the course suggested.

When the time was due for the millionaire's arrival, a hitch occurred. He could not get away. But "Ross" and his friend had seen him in the meantime, and he had commissioned them to buy two other carpets belonging to the man whom they represented.

Unfortunately, the latter was growing impatient at the delay, and had requested the return of his principal carpet—which was still lying in the colonel's mansion—for which he wanted only £1,500, unless the money was immediately forthcoming, and, bemoaned "Ross," the American millionaire was willing to pay at least £3,000 for it!

So the dupe was induced to hand over a cheque on account of his alleged purchase, and the other two men stated that they would raise the remainder of the money from other sources.

The following day they returned to the colonel's residence, accompanied by a genial American gentleman, who literally exuded prosperity.

He made a careful inspection, and agreed, after discussion, to pay £3,500 for the principal carpet—provided it was first of all examined by his own expert.

Then, having enjoyed several whiskies and sodas, he departed somewhat hastily to get to town in time to keep a forgotten appointment at the American Embassy.

Another unexpected hitch occurred on the next day, when "Ross" arrived in obvious distress. He and his colleague had been unable to raise their share of the purchase price, and the owner of the carpet was pressing for settlement.

Would the colonel mind advancing the necessary cash, in return for which he would be given a written agreement concerning the profits to be paid to him?

£20,000 loss

So cleverly had the scheme been worked, stage by stage, that the victim fell into the plot laid for him, and parted with a further £500.

That was the last seen of his genial visitors from London, and all enquiries as to the real identity of the third conspirator in the scheme, the alleged American millionaire, proved fruitless.

The carpets which these rogues left behind are clever fakes, and it was not before Government experts had been employed to examine them that it was established that a sum in the neighbourhood of £40 would more than cover their value.

Scotland Yard authorities regard the operations of swindlers of this type, who have many aliases, as being of outstanding cleverness in the annals of crime.

The universal extent of this class of fraud, which is being exploited by several different gangs, may be gauged from the fact that cases recently investigated by the police involve £70,000.

One rich woman, who parted with nearly £20,000 in connection with carpets supposedly to be sold to a Roumanian prince, is afraid to prosecute because she does not want her husband to know of her loss.

Another victim has complained that he is poorer by £11,000 through the operations of this gang.

We hope that "Ross" and his associates, whose aliases include those of "Ash," "Munro," "Davis," "Ray," "Hilton," "Harrison," Wilton" and "Nelson," will soon find themselves enjoying an enforced rest in an establishment where carpets are only found in the Governor's room.

Clerical Raffles

A HANDSOME, open-faced, clergyman, who wears full clerical attire, and who does not look more than thirty, is pursuing a very profitable campaign of fraud in different parts of the country.

He passes in several names, but the one mostly favoured by him lately has been that of the "Reverend Davis."

A few days ago he arrived at a London house, which was up for sale, but whose owner was still in occupation. He asked for particulars of the purchase price, and, remarking that he was shortly taking over a large mission in the vicinity, asked to be shown round.

* * *

It seemed clear from his manner that he was a man of means. Actually, the "Rev." Davis is not even a clergyman, and his main trick—as was practised in this case—is to divert the owner's attention and pocket articles of value.

Two gold trays, several small objects of jewellery were among his booty on this occasion, while a cheque book and several important documents were also missing.

There are several warrants out for his arrest in London and the provinces—which is not surprising, when we reveal that he is a persistent rascal who has already seen the interior of prison walls on at least three occasions.

Bad Bookies

NOW that the flat-racing season is well into its stride it is desirable to issue a warning to all unemployed men who may be induced by plausible racing tricksters to believe that fortunes can be made from investments in bookmaking syndicates.

Every year, as soon as flat-racing begins, complaints accumulate from people who, after answering glowing advertisements and listening to alluring promises, discover that they have been swindled out of sums ranging from £50 to £500.

At Bath quite recently a man named Frederick Jackson fleeced several men of various sums and left them stranded in a local office at which they had hoped to reap rich profits.

Jackson, for whom the police are now looking, turned out to be a man who has specialised in this sort of thing for years.

Another notorious Turf plunderer, who is "wanted" for similar frauds, is Richard Vaughan.

He has a number of skilful associates who operate under his directions, and specialises in "accounting" for the money obtained from partners through the medium of faked bets and losses.

Victims could always save their money if they remembered one thing. Transactions of this class are frowned upon by all genuine racing men and should therefore be left completely alone.

A BRIDE AT 50

Happy Woman Tells Her Secret

"Three months ago I never dreamed that a man would look at me twice. Anxiety and trouble had made my face wrinkled and sallow and I had almost given up hope when I read in the paper of a woman of over 60 getting rid of her wrinkles and looking 20 years younger simply by using Crème Tokalon Skinfood. I made up my mind to try it and to my joy and astonishment I could see my face actually looking younger every day. My present happiness and romance I owe entirely to Crème Tokalon Skinfood and I advise every woman to try it for a month. The results are marvellous."

Naturally this new bride prefers not to have her name and address published. Her husband is an important bank official and her letter can be vouched for. Crème Tokalon Skinfood contains "Biocel," the marvellous discovery of Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna. It nourishes and rejuvenates the skin; lines and wrinkles quickly disappear; sallow, faded cheeks become fresh, clear and youthful. By using Tokalon "Biocel" Skinfood regularly you can look at least 10 years younger in one month.

LUCKY ENOUGH TO GET A JOB.

Just imagine in these days getting a job after many months out of work and then going down with Bronchitis the very first week! That is what happened to Mr. J. Benson of Cherry Street, York. Here are his own words.

"After being out of work for many months, I was lucky enough to get a job. Unfortunately, at the end of the first week I had a very bad cold and bronchitis. I was ordered by the doctor to remain in bed and advised to throw up the job, as he feared pneumonia. However, the men working on the job bought me a bottle of Wincarnis. I was able to resume my work in three days. I have purchased a bottle every week since, and by taking Wincarnis regularly I entirely got rid of my cold and have not lost an hour's time at work since—notwithstanding the exposure these very cold nights."

There never was anything so good as Wincarnis for preventing you getting ill or making you recover quickly. And the good it does is permanent good, for there are no drugs in it. Nothing but the blood-creating properties of the finest wine combined with the strengthening elements of the finest beef and guaranteed vitamin malt extracts. It has actually over 20,000 recommendations from medical men.

The certain Cure for
CONSTIPATION
INDIGESTION & BILIOUSNESS

Rid yourself of Constipation and Indigestion easily and quickly by taking Dr. Scott's famous Pills, the safe and sure remedy for all digestive troubles. Regular use for a few days will tone up the liver, stomach and digestive organs, after removing all impurities from the system. Tried and proved for over 100 years. These Pills are perfectly harmless and can be taken by delicate women and children with great benefit.

Obtainable at all Chemists at 1/3 & 3/- per Box. Prepared by W. Lambert and Co., Ltd., 288, Euston Road, N.W.1.

Dr Scott's Bilious & Liver Pills

"PLEASE send me a claim form. My house was burnt down to-day."

This appeal, dramatic in its terseness and brevity, was received by JOHN BULL from a reader who lived in a four-roomed cottage in Oxfordshire.

For years the family had sat round the fireplace with its old-world grate, never dreaming they were perilously near to the edge of a "volcano" which at any moment was likely to erupt.

In the chimney was a large beam, and after smouldering for some time, as it had probably smouldered many times before, it suddenly burst into flames which quickly enveloped the whole house. Neighbours rushed to the rescue and removed a number of articles to safety, but not before most of the family's precious belongings were destroyed.

"Are You Insured?"

After the fire had done its worst, the neighbours asked: "Are you insured?" and the reply came, "Yes—but only in JOHN BULL." "Then you will be all right," was the answer, "for JOHN BULL will pay." And, of course, JOHN BULL *has* paid.

In acknowledging the money, our reader writes: "We were highly pleased with your cheque. It will be a great help in making another start."

Your signature appended to the forms below will give you the same wonderful free protection that was given this reader. Sign them now. JOHN BULL is the *only* paper to cover you against Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accidents and other risks.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 7/4/34

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 7/4/34

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

Cash the Coupons!

The hardest game doesn't spoil your beauty

Sports girls are among the most enthusiastic users of Icilma Face Powder. No matter how strenuous the game this silken-smooth powder stays on, giving its soft petal bloom to your complexion. You can always be sure of looking your loveliest if you use Icilma.

For a complete trial Beauty Outfit containing two boxes of Icilma Face Powder (Naturelle and Rachel), tubes of Icilma Vanishing, Flesh-Tinted and Cold Creams, a full-size 3d. Icilma Shampoo, and a full-size 3d. Icilma Hair Powder for dry shampoo, send 6d. in stamps to Icilma (Dept. 28G), 39 King's Road, London, N.W.1. Your envelope must be sealed and bear a 1½d. stamp. This offer does not apply to the Irish Free State.

Icilma FACE POWDER

for beauty all day long

In five charming shades: Naturelle, Rosée, Crème (Rachel), Brunette, Sun-Tan.

1/3 1/- 6d.

ICP 4-188-65

A *better-health* idea that's Commonsense!

THE reason we get run-down, depressed, suffer from indigestion and liver, why our skin breaks out in pimples or spots, can be traced to a single general cause . . . *Faulty Metabolism.*

In other words, the process whereby our food is converted into flesh and blood is out of order. If this condition is corrected, all the resultant troubles will vanish and good health speedily return.

There's one safe and simple way to correct faulty Metabolism, and banish all the troubles that spring from this condition, and that is to take *live* yeast . . . . *Phillips* Yeast. This is the new kind of yeast that, because it is live, supplies the system with *all the much needed Vitamins B* in their most active form, and so helps our food to nourish our bodies—the vital factor in the proper functioning of the metabolic process.

Take Phillips Yeast with your meals. By correcting faulty Metabolism it will keep your system functioning efficiently, and will keep you in fine, vigorous health.

With your meals take

Phillips Pure Live YEAST

IT WILL ENSURE GOOD DIGESTION AND IS A WONDERFUL TONIC

From all Chemists 1/3 and 3/- in *Granules* or *Tablets*. For generous Trial Sample with interesting "Live Yeast" Booklet, send 3d. in stamps to cover packing and postage to: PHILLIPS YEAST PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. M3), 250 Regent Street, London, W.1.

Shock for "Old Comrades"

A Squandering WAR CHARITY

WHAT is wrong with the administration of the Military Medalist Association?

Thousands of ex-Service men in all parts of the country must be asking question, and the public, whose ...osity has been canvassed, will be ...ed by the disclosures we are here ...o make.

...Military Medalist Association was ...d early in 1932, with headquarters ... Corporation Street, Manchester. ...he outset it seemed likely that this ...isation was to prove a real associa... ...f comradeship. The common bond ...hat all members possessed military ...rs.

...w our comrades who have fallen ...evil times are like to the comrades ...d not desert 'over there,'" were ...ords that appeared on the first ...of the rule book.

...y mutual endeavour and earnest ...eration with the one idea of help... ...ur wounded, we can bring them ...out of 'No Man's Land,' and that ...e chief aim of the association."

...e association was pledged to en... ...ur to imbue the younger generation ...a spirit of comradeship, together ...a just appreciation of our British ...re and its soldierly and manly con... ...s, not as a military body, but in ...sociation of men who have honour... ...upheld the prestige and the tradi... ...of that great Empire.

The bombshell

...rly, the fundamental idea on which ...Military Medalists' Association was ...was an excellent one, and it is not ...ising that ex-Service men in all ... of the country joined up in the ...organisation.

...hin a few months thousands of ...rvice men were actively engaged in ...ting funds from their friends and ...ublic.

...cial money-raising schemes were ...ised, and all the time it was ex... ...ed that the funds so collected were intended for those members of the association who were in distress.

Twenty-three branches were formed in districts in Scotland and in the North and South of England.

All went well for the first year. There was great enthusiasm among the members, who worked with a will to collect funds, which they thought were to be devoted to the assistance of comrades who had fallen on hard times.

Then came the first balance-sheet, which had the disturbing effect of a mine exploding.

One branch immediately rejected the accounts and called for an explanation of certain figures. A special meeting of the branch was called and a demand was promptly made for an investigation of the accounts.

This must have annoyed the headquarters pooh-bahs of the association, for they promptly replied by expelling the officials of the branch who had dared to express their dissatisfaction, and then suspended the branch.

But they took care to sequester the funds!

This was obviously the iron hand without the velvet glove!

Those officials who had been expelled lost no time in sending full details of the Military Medalists' Association to the War Charities authority in Manchester, with whom the association was officially registered.

That there was just cause for criticism is obvious from the first balance-sheet for the year ending December 31, 1932.

This shows that office and other expenses have swallowed up more than twice the sum paid out in distress grants!

In this connection it is illuminating to note that a "Special Effort," consisting of a prize scheme, brought in £1,193 in contributions. The prize winners drew only £64 of this sum, but the expenses connected with the draw amounted to £129.

Altogether, it was not surprising that several branches refused to pass the accounts, arguing that the officials of the association had expended the funds without a proper regard to the aims and objects of the organisation.

When the final accounts for 1932 were available it was seen that expenditure had soared to five times the amount disbursed in the relief of distress! Then, to add to the growing storm of dissatisfaction, came the news that the hon. general secretary had purchased a sports car with the funds of the association.

The London branch protested that this purchase was not justified, and served no useful purpose.

It was pointed out that if a conference was to be attended only the hon. general secretary and a companion could go in the sports car, while other headquarters officials would either have to go by push-bike or incur the expense of train fares

"To all men who have honourably upheld the honour and prestige of the Empire. . ."
—A soldier being decorated on the battlefield in Flanders, 1916

They climbed down

A demand was made that the hon. general secretary and the headquarters officials responsible should refund to the association the money paid for the car.

This proposal was not popular at headquarters.

The hon. general secretary and the headquarters staff heard London calling, but at first they assumed a dignified attitude and took no notice.

Later, they appear to have decided that they could no longer ignore the call, and finally excommunicated the London branch with bell, book and candle.

That this action was taken is not surprising, because London had passed a resolution, which had been circulated to other branches, to the effect that:

"In view of the grossly excessive expenditure of the funds of the association and the unconstitutional methods employed by headquarters officials, it considers it of vital urgency that the Executive Council shall reorganise the whole of the H.Q."

To revert to the smart little sports car, which appears to have aroused considerable criticism, the balance-sheet for the three-month period ending September 30, 1933, shows a melancholy item. It reads:—"Loss on motor-car £90." The car had originally cost £240.

This balance-sheet is a depressing document, as it shows that receipts of the association have dropped, and expenses have soared, making a heavy deficit.

Simply faded away

The idea of making grants to comrades in distress seems to have faded away, for there is no record of any charitable disbursement.

In a forlorn effort to straighten matters out, a Christmas draw was organised for last year, and this brought in £573. As only £44 was distributed in prize money, an excellent profit was made on the draw.

Yet only £4 of this sum was distributed in the way of distress to needy members.

In view of such gross mismanagement, it is not surprising that many branches of the Military Medalists' Association throughout the country have lost faith and confidence in its headquarters officials.

Those branches which have demanded a full investigation have been suspended, and branch secretaries who have annoyed headquarters with their demands for reorganisation have been expelled.

The rest is silence.

It is unfortunate that this association which started out with such high ideals should have so early reached a stage of disillusion and disappointment. Only a full investigation of its affairs will dispel public alarm.

...axters' Bluff

...HERE is something fantastically optimistic about the offers of system-mongers who can make everybody's fortune except their own.

...re appeared recently in the "Situ... ...s Vacant" columns an advertise... calling for a district manager on ...y and commission.

...se who replied received a wordy ...lar letter stating that the situation ...been filled.

...e letter was headed "Baxter ...ers, London's Largest Publicity ...ts, Oglander Road, Peckham, Lon...

This bare-faced claim to be ...on's largest publicity agents is ...al of Baxter Brothers' bluff.

...wever, the letter starts with a ...h of flattery.

...udging by your application, you are ...n of intelligence and discernment, ... a good education. We hereby ... before you what is undoubtedly ...finest opportunity you have ever ...of earning an excellent living and ...ecoming absolutely independent in ...y short time."

...en follows the offer for ten shillings ..."most valuable treatise" entitled ...siness Opportunities for Sports...

...rt of this wonderful treatise con... ... horse-racing, and a plan of ...ng on systematic lines so that with ...pital of only fifty shillings "any... ...can earn for the rest of their life ...ast £5 a week."

...r sheer, unadulterated rubbish ...rs, Baxter Brothers are entitled to ...als.

...is infallible plan with which you ...never lose in the future" is but ...part of the wonderful treatise for ...smen—but it is enough!

...f you let this chance slip you will ...r hear from us again," write Baxter ...hers.

...ell, that's reassuring, anyway.

THE £5 MYSTERY

WHEN a grubby envelope with the handwritten inscription, "£5 Reward," is pushed in your letter-box, you are probably justified in expecting to find "a catch in it somewhere."

Hundreds of householders in London have recently received these envelopes with their promise of £5 reward.

Enclosed is a letter addressed without a business heading from 306, First Avenue House, High Holborn, London, and signed T. Mills.

"I wish to buy one or more houses with or without tenants in this district, and if you are able to give me any information resulting in a sale to me I shall be pleased to pay you £5."

Thus writes Mr. Mills out of the generosity of his heart.

But it seems rather obvious that if he is anxious to buy house property he could do so quite easily through ordinary channels, without this nonsense of offering £5 for information.

A call at the address given in First Avenue House, High Holborn, is not reassuring. It is a small office rented by Randall and Randall, Estate Agents.

If Randall and Randall are responsible for offering this £5 reward, and it seems unlikely that Mr. Mills could send this letter from their address without their knowledge, we suggest that this method of attempting to obtain information about house property is likely to arouse suspicion.

Certainly we cannot advise anyone to supply Mr. T. Mills, Mr. E. J. Delmotte, or Randall and Randall with information in the hope of getting the promised £5 reward.

don't shave with ordinary soap"

"I did once, if you can call the scrape you get with household soap a shave. You simply can't shave properly with ordinary soap any more than you can clean your boots with a tar brush. Neither is made for the job. But I thought I was saving money till the wife got me a Lever's Easy Shaving Stick at her grocer's. Only sixpence—and it lasts a hundred shaves. Real shaves, too—close as you'll ever get; and no wonder, seeing what a champion lather Easy gives. Well, I haven't missed a day's shaving since I started with Lever's Easy. And don't forget a smart appearance matters a lot with the boss. Just try it—I'll bet it'll be Easy for you after that." See that Lever's Easy is on the grocery list.

LEVER'S EASY SHAVING STICK

100 SHAVES FOR 6D

E 232·172·55 A *LEVER* PRODUCT

"That's very true John!"

Daily View
DO YOU REALISE
that you can effect a great economy in shoe leather by observing two simple rules:—
1. Keep two pairs of shoes in use, wearing one pair every other day.
2. Every time before use, give your shoes a good polish to prevent cracking and keep the leather supple and in perfect condition and of course it should be Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.
Before you put your shoes on, put 'Cherry Blossom' on your shoes
Black, Brown, Dark Tan, Tonette & White. Tins 2½d, 4½d & 6d
CB 23/3

FREED! from pain of

Throw away that burning poultice! Lion Ointment will draw the poison out quicker, with far less pain. And Lion Ointment heals cleanly, surely.

Thousands of grateful testimonials prove what wonders Lion has worked for 86 years. "Should have lost my arm, but for Lion" (Mr. J. B., S. Africa). "Cured a very large carbuncle with only one box" (Mr. O., Blackfriars). "Amazed at the result of one application" (Nurse M. F., Ealing).

Lion acts in Nature's own way. Brings the poison OUT first; then forms a clean, new healthy skin from underneath. No burning poultices; no painful squeezing. Soothes while it heals. Perfectly safe, even for infants. Keep it handy also for Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Bites.

BOILS
CARBUNCLES
WHITLOWS
ABSCESSES
POISONED WOUNDS
PILES
ECZEMA
RINGWORM
INFLAMED CORNS
Also for
Scalds, Burns, Bites, Stings

From Chemists, 1/3, 3/-, 5/- per box, or direct from Edwin Burgess Ltd., 59, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.

LION OINTMENT 1/3

In showroom condition after 30,000 miles

THIS RIDER HAS PROVED THE DURABILITY OF

DUNLOP WATERPROOF MOTOR CYCLE SADDLES

42, Ethelred Street,
S.E.11.

13th. February 1934.

Dear Sirs,

For the past three years I have ridden a Sunbeam model 90 Motor Cycle fitted with a Dunlop Waterproof Saddle.

During this period I have covered over 30,000 miles, including long distance tours in Devon, Cornwall, Wales and the Midlands, and my own experience enables me to endorse fully your claims.

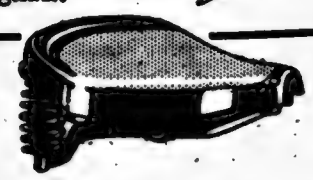
Apart from the important fact that the Dunlop Saddle is absolutely waterproof, one of its most pleasing features is that it requires no 'breaking-in' and is really comfortable from the first. Even now my saddle is in good showroom condition.

Yours faithfully,

Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd.,
Fort Dunlop,
Erdington, Birmingham.

G Bogdell

DUNLOP SADDLES were used by the winners of the following races in 1933:—
The T.T. Dutch T.T.
French Grand Prix
Swiss Grand Prix
German Grand Prix
Belgian Grand Prix
Ulster Grand Prix



DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., Fort Dunlop, Birmingham.
Branches throughout the World.

Dunlop Motor Cycle Waterproof Saddles are made in various models and sizes to suit differing types of machines. Prices range from 19/6 to 32/6.

C.F.H.

4H/208

★ FREE! to Indigestion Sufferers

Fill in the coupon on page 37 for a generous Free Sample of "Bisurated Magnesia," the well-known indigestion remedy, together with a Treatise on digestive troubles. Don't waste time—end your stomach troubles now by turning to the offer and sending the coupon.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Moulded Coach-built body, softly upholstered, loose seats, tubular handles, leather cloth hood and apron, ball-bearing wheels, white ribbed cushion tyres, foot brake and mud guards. Price, Carriage Paid 5/- or 5/- monthly. Catalogue of Prams, Folding Cars, Pens.

5/- NOW

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Wily WIRELESS INVENTOR Exposed

IMAGINE the lure of the following statement to men and women struggling in ill-paid employment.

"You can make money at home."

"Earn up to £300 yearly in your spare time."

Think of the hope that promise raises in the minds of dissatisfied people too ready to believe what they are told, and then picture the despondency and indignation caused when practice proves this scheme of money-making a delusion and a snare.

A firm that puts its name and reputation—for what that is worth—behind this particular "£300 a year in your spare time" offer is the England-Richards Fluid-Free Cell Co., Ltd., of Waterloo Street, King's Lynn, Norfolk.

We have previously made short reference in John Bull to the activities of the company, but its campaign to secure clients is now so widespread that a more detailed warning is called for. Almost daily we receive enquiries from every part of the country where unemployed men and women have been attracted by the £300 lure.

If the advertisements and literature issued by the company are to be believed, then Mr. Victor England-Richards, chairman and technical adviser, director of advertising and sales promotion, has discovered a method by which untold numbers of people can add substantially to their earnings, or can cease to seek for other work should they be unemployed.

Just like magic

Apparently all they have to do to acquire a desirable security of income (according to Mr. Victor England-Richards) is to purchase the company's formula, a set of tools and some cheap chemicals, and—hey-presto! they are in a position to enter the wholesale or retail market as a purveyor of various types of dry cell electric batteries.

Note the unscrupulous window dressing by Mr. England-Richards. His latest advertisements declare that he has vacancies for 500 men and women to co-operate with him in making patented radio appliances.

"Help yourself to profits," he says. "You can make anything up to £300 a year. No experience is necessary—I will teach you FREE. Think of the dull hours that you can turn into Golden Hours of Profit and Pleasure."

Mr. V. England-Richards, chairman and technical adviser. "His promise is worth exactly nothing"

Mr. E. M. Hook, managing director of the England-Richards Fluid-Free Cell Co., Ltd.

Another extract from one of his highly descriptive booklets reads:—

"A better standard of living, a larger house, money in the bank increasing every week, a motor-car, golf and tennis, the society of the well-to-do, happiness and comfort in married life; a first-class education for your children—who has not indulged in such dreams? Who has not built 'Castles in Spain' until brought back to drab reality by a landlady's bill or the postman with a 'Final Notice'?

"Help your dreams to come true and your CASTLES to be built on an enduring foundation by taking up this interesting spare-time work of supplying the demand for British-made batteries. The occupation is pleasant. You are bound to no fixed hours. You can make little or much, just as you wish. The outlay is ridiculously small."

Matter of millions

Big figures are talked. The millions of wireless set owners are set down as potential customers of the home battery makers, and an estimate given that £26,639,200 will be spent in wireless batteries during a year—£2,638,000 more than in the previous twelve months.

"How much of this extra £2,638,000 are you going to earn?" demands Mr. England-Richards.

Enquirers who accept the bait are asked a fee of three guineas, for which they are granted a licence to manufacture batteries under the England-Richards process for a period of three years.

They receive also instructions for putting together the batteries and lists of the tools and materials required for the work.

This fee, customers are told, is simply to cover expenses in supplying the formula, recipes, instructions, working drawings, preparation of agreement, and "giving you such advice as will enable you to start."

Mr. England-Richards, however, is not insistent on his three guineas, for if there is any reluctance to send the money he will follow up his original proposition with amended offers of reduced payments on instalments.

A clause in the England-Richards agreement is of interest. It limits any licensee to a net profit of £312 a year, and thereby most definitely impresses on the mind of the purchaser the idea that £300 *can* be made by home manufacture of batteries.

Our enquiries clearly show that the scheme put forward by Mr. Victor England-Richards is a preposterous one.

It's not true

There is no possibility whatever of ordinary unskilled workers making anything like the profit he dangles in prospect before their eyes.

The suggestion that people working at home, with a formula and a few tools, can compete with the mass production methods of well-equipped electric battery factories is *just untrue*.

Investigation at King's Lynn discloses some illuminating facts concerning the man and his enterprise.

Going back a few years, England-Richards was a cinematograph operator in the town. He developed his battery-making project gradually, and first opened an experimental laboratory of sorts in rooms above a shop in the High Street.

From there he moved to larger premises in London Road, King's Lynn, and it was at this stage that a small private company was formed.

In this company there are now two directors, Victor England-Richards, who holds the majority of shares, and Edwin Maurice Hook, who is the managing director.

Under an agreement, England-Richards receives a salary of £416 a year from the company, in addition, of course, to the interest on his shares.

At the present time, the company has its headquarters in a large building in Waterloo Street, near to King's Lynn railway station. The majority of the staff employed are girl clerks and typists, who deal with the correspondence and routine duties of the home work offer.

No extensive manufacture of England-Richards batteries is carried on.

Easiest way

The real business is the mail order sale of the formula, although Mr. England-Richards has side-lines in a radio service station and as an organiser of local dances.

He recently made enquiries about securing a music and dancing licence for an unused floor in his offices.

Another of his ventures is Cocksons, Ltd., a company for the vending of "remedial preparations and patent medicines."

If ever a scheme carried its own condemnation, it is this home-work proposal of the England-Richards Co., Ltd.

Why, if the home-making of batteries can be so profitable, does Victor England-Richards not organise the vacant spaces of his office building as a factory for the serious, large-scale production of batteries?

Instead he prefers to sell his process, under licence, to people who believe his advertisements and trust to his promises! That is, to him, the easier way of money-making.

No doubt Mr. Victor England-Richards can produce instances of people who have gained profits by putting together his batteries in their spare time, and selling them.

Value—nil

We, on the other hand, have a number of cases of poor people who have parted with funds they can ill afford, in the anticipation of obtaining from the England-Richards Company a proper and satisfactory method of spare-time earning, and have been grievously disappointed.

An undertaking by the company is that they will accept batteries made by their clients, for sale, but to this a condition is required, namely, that the batteries must pass a test of quality.

This promise is one more example of how Mr. Victor England-Richards and his company impose on the credulity of the unwary. The promise is worth exactly nothing.

The condition of a test is the safeguard of the company.

If our disclosures save other victims from parting with money in this preposterous proposition, the better we shall be pleased.

The Human Machine

Leave it to Him!

AN angry man is a man who has temporarily lost control of himself—and to do that is nothing to be proud of.

On the other hand, self-control—the ability to keep ourselves well in hand—is something to boast of once we have made it into a habit. It is always a sign of real strength, just as ill-temper and anger are signs of weakness.

The old advice to count a hundred before speaking an angry word may sound old-fashioned and grandmotherly nowadays, but it is one of the soundest pieces of advice ever offered.

Ten to one you'll see the funny side of the situation long before the hundred is reached, and begin to laugh. You'll probably laugh at yourself for ever having thought the matter serious enough to waste any anger over.

A retired Commander of the Navy said the other day: "We always had a good old rule in the Service that if we had to write a rude letter we always thought it over for twenty-four hours before sending it.

"Sometimes the result was that we thought of something even more stinging than we had thought of at first; but, curiously enough, we usually decided at the end of the twenty-four hours that the matter wasn't worth making a fuss about—and the letter was torn up."

And, in point of fact, there are very few things in life really worth getting angry about—in other words, worth losing control of ourselves for. If we would only stop to think before we do or say anything, we should rarely quarrel.

Most disputes in this world begin over things we would never give a thought to in our calmer moments.

Besides, anger is undignified as well as being a dreadful waste of energy. We can all afford to leave it to the other fellow to start the row.

And if only we would all have sufficient dignity to do that well, there wouldn't be many rows, would there?

HEPBURN TELLS YOU

The intimate life story and unconventional opinions of Katharine Hepburn, the striking heroine of "Morning Glory," are contained in a remarkable exclusive interview, published in *The Picturegoer*, out to-day, Thursday, April 5.

She reveals the facts about her childhood, her career, her ambitions, and her new role as Queen Elizabeth. Get *The Picturegoer*, and become better acquainted with the most dynamic personality on the screen to-day.

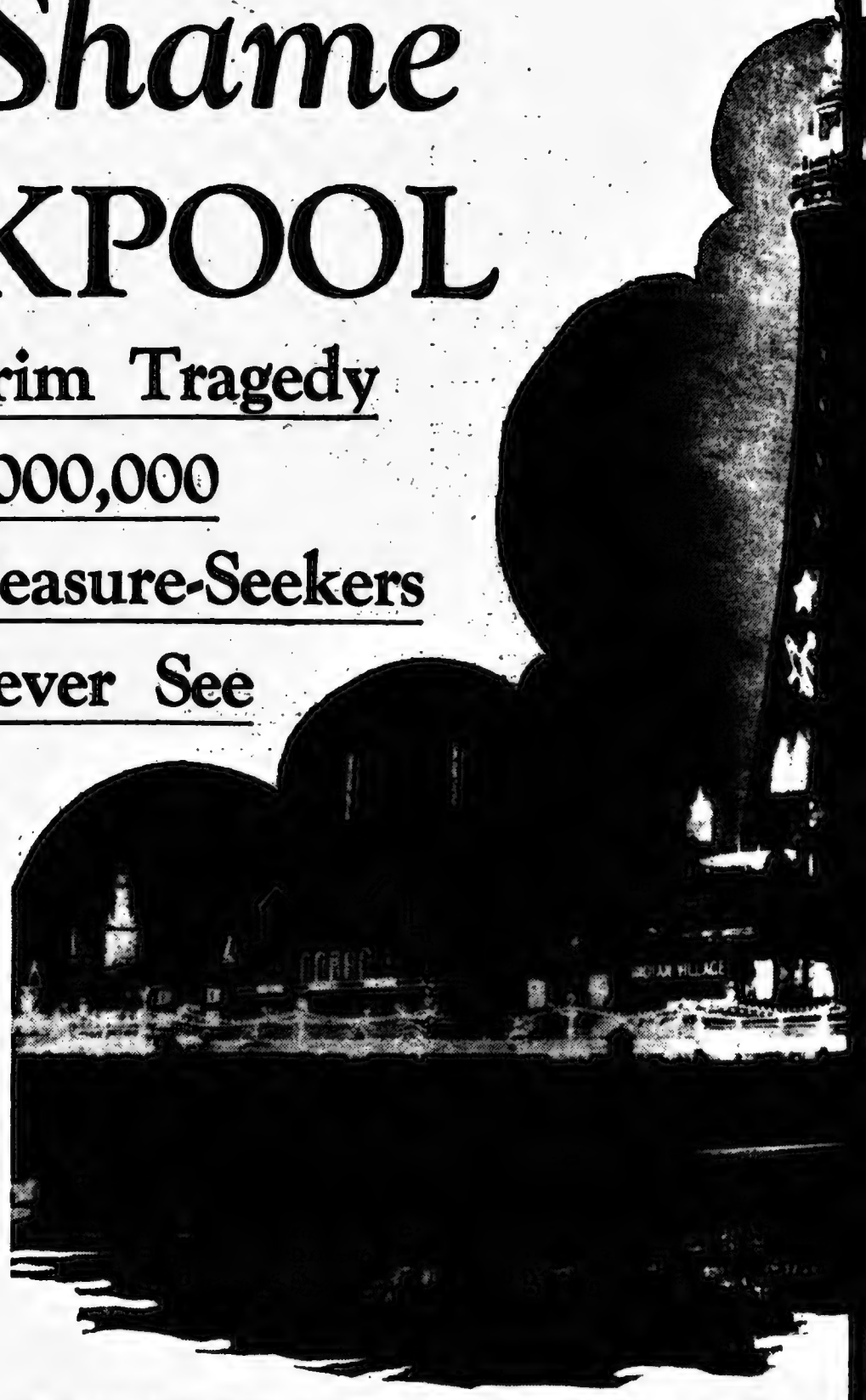
THE Hidden Shame of BLACKPOOL

Grim Tragedy

7,000,000

Pleasure-Seekers

Never See



SEVEN million people—about one-sixth of the entire population of this country—are now in the habit of visiting Blackpool every year. The habit is one to be commended and copied.

Rollicking Blackpool! Champagne without the headache! The town with all the aids to health and happiness!

Or, as its publicity wizards tell you, the town that drives away all sorrow.

Aye, but the town, too, that harbours a great misery which is never hinted at on those seductive posters which with considerable justification proclaim it as Europe's biggest emporium of preventive medicine.

There is worse than dinginess in the miles of pleasureland that is Blackpool. There is hunger, piteous poverty and distress, denuded homes, sad hearts, abandoned hope.

These things are not known to the seven million people whom Blackpool yearly so generously loads with gay memories, renewed spirits and healing happiness. They are hidden so that to the outside world the fiction of the immaculateness of the town may be maintained. The cost of the concealment in terms of human suffering is cruelly heavy.

Number one First

For long the civic and business managers of Blackpool have had their critics. The Midas-like faculty with which they conduct every enterprise makes them, perhaps, a ready-made target for the shafts of the envious and the less successful.

The fact is not to be disguised that Blackpool is a close, a very close corporation. Its commercial governors are without equal in the skill that brings personal profit and discourages the stranger who would dare to compete with them on their own ground.

But the men and the companies who owe their fortunes and unchanging prosperity to the development of Blackpool are only those who conceived, and have never paused in realising, the idea that the town should become Britain's richest resort and its principal playground. The town's administrators have often laid themselves open to severe criticism, but they have never failed in the greatest known experiment of organising pleasure and whetting and satisfying a vast appetite for entertainment.

Ever richer

There is reason for the envy of Blackpool which undoubtedly inspires much of the criticism of the people who virtually own the place and have become its chief citizens.

A twinge of occasional jealousy of the town with the lowest rate—7s. 6d. in the £—levied by any borough in the country is understandable. And the growth of property value in Blackpool has been so immense that the borough is now third only to the great Lancashire cities of Manchester and Liverpool. Its rateable value has increased by 50 per cent. in ten years and by 250 per cent. in twenty years.

Moreover, Blackpool, even at the lowest depths of the industrial depression, stubbornly ignored the clamour for economy in municipal enterprises. While the rulers of other communities tightened the civic belt, Blackpool spent more freely than ever in extending and developing its magnificence and its space for amusement and entertainment. Incidentally, the policy has paid.

The lowest rates—values ever increasing—no stinting—bigger and bigger profits!

A town able to forfeit without a moment's worry £10,000 in a summer week so that visitors may have free golf, tennis, dancing, bathing, kinemas and theatres and its tradesmen able to surrender £100,000 by cutting prices and bestowing gifts upon the guests!

And a few more tens of thousands of pounds lightly expended in the late autumn so that the town may bedizen itself o'nights with illuminations to bring more revenue to the food, drink and amusement caterers!

A model town, surely, that is capable of such things, possesses such advantages and grows richer every day. Certainly a town, it may be thought, which can have no dark secrets and which must, at least, make adequate provision for any needy or unfortunate citizens within its carefree boundaries.

Not so. The prosperous veneer of Blackpool, when scraped, reveals a sorry spectacle which prompts the question whether, after all, the people who win fortunes out of the pure and bracing air do so without regard to the consequences among the less fortunate members of the community.

Really homeless

Like every other place of its size in the land, it is inevitable that Blackpool, in times like these, should, for all its lavishness and wealth, have a section of its population wholly dependent on public aid. That in itself is a misfortune, not a disgrace.

It is, however, a matter of grave concern when the existence of extreme and vicious poverty in the background of splendour is not recognised, even shut out of sight and disclaimed.

It has been Blackpool's pride that, of all British towns, it is the only one which has no shelters for the homeless. There are not to be found there any of the usual hostels of the Church Army, the Salvation Army, the Y.M.C.A., or similar social organisations. That is by no means the fault of these bodies. Always they have been led to believe that such provision is unnecessary in a town so well endowed.

Why, in Blackpool there is not even a casual ward or workhouse. The nearest accommodation of the kind for the utterly destitute has been built ten miles away. It would never do to have the blot of such an establishment on the fair features of the Capital of Pleasure.

The official recognition of the need for charity and social service in happy Blackpool begins and ends with a clothing fund conducted by the Chief Constable, which blossoms at its best at Christmas time.

Deliberately and systematically the presence of misery and want in the jolliest town of Britain is ignored and gentle but effective suppression is applied when there is danger that the truth may leak out and astonish the seven million who make annual pilgrimage to the Mecca of seaside joys.

Not long ago the men to whom Blackpool owes its majesty had a shock. The unemployed of the town rose and protested. It was no Moscow-inspired demonstration; simply the revolt of decent men and women no longer able to endure the awful conditions which Blackpool imposes on its citizens out of work.

Shutting them away!

To belong to and be unemployed in Blackpool is a fate only to be imagined.

It is the town of seasonal workers, who are the Cinderellas of unemployment insurance. Elsewhere, seasonal workers may expect to earn sufficient during their period of employment to be able at least partly to maintain themselves when their engagements end.

But not in Blackpool. The individuals and firms who provide entertainment on such colossal scale for visitors import labour to an extent which beggars the workers who have their homes and pay rent and rates in the town.

When an appeal was made recently to the powers - that - be in Blackpool to issue a recommendation that preference should be given to local workers to serve the needs of visitors, it was summarily rejected. The sanctity of private enterprise and the right to choose and pay workpeople on the cheapest terms they would accept was the excuse offered.

Councillor C. Tatham, Mayor Blackpool

Scant information came out of Blackpool regarding the revolt of the local unemployed.

In their alarm lest the prestige of the town should be injured by further demonstrations of the kind, its Grand

Where Blackpool's limelight shines—and where it does not . . .

On the left is the Tower of Blackpool, splendid beacon to the pleasure-seeker. Above is a scene in a back street of Blackpool: hungry children on their way to school call on a privately-conducted food centre for breakfast and dinner

ed a really remarkable

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the Ministry of Labour
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on deaf ears. It would
it was said, to acknow-
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bountiful Blackpool. First and foremost, the status of the town had to be preserved in the sight of the millions of visitors who bring it riches.

It was even denied that there was distress. Representatives of the education authority declared that in all Blackpool there were only two children in want of food. What they were actually referring to were two advanced cases of malnutrition! Such, however, is the official mind of Blackpool.

Angered by the coldness of the authorities, a group of citizens decided to open a feeding centre on their own initiative. But their means were so limited that they could only rent a stable for the purpose.

Hungry children

They were overwhelmed when it became known that this mission of mercy had started. Children on the way to school crowded the place for breakfast and queues of men and women gathered for morning tea and dinner-time soup.

More pretentious premises had soon to be acquired. They consist of a converted ramshackle carpenter's shop in an alleyway. Great work has been performed there this past winter by the little band of voluntary workers who minister to their famished fellow-citizens—but what degradation it is to the glory of Blackpool that any of its citizens should have to be fed in such surroundings and under such conditions!

As it is, the work has only touched the fringe of the tragedy which Blackpool has brought upon itself.

Stories more harrowing than those to be learned at this humble feeding centre could scarcely be conceived.

There is the tragedy of the out-of-work waiter to whose wife a baby was born at a time when there had not been a morsel of food in the home for days.

The child died and the father spent hours tramping the town to borrow a soapbox to be used as a coffin. He carried the baby in the box to the cemetery and was there met with a demand to pay three shillings before he could inter it. He returned home and pawned his wife's dress to find the money.

Half-demented

In none of the homes of the crowd of people standing squeezed together drinking hot soup is there food, fire or furniture.

Two children are served with jugs of broth to carry out. One is for a woman who a few nights ago was found in the streets almost demented. She had been reduced to feeding her eighteen-months-old baby on a mixture of sugar and water. The second is for an out-of-work waitress. Her thirteen-year-old boy is taking the soup to her. He is so pinched that he looks five years younger than his age. His mother has only 3s. 6d. to feed him and herself after she pays the rent of their room.

A throng of schoolchildren enter. One of them says grace aloud before he touches the soup. He and his little brother have had to sleep with their father in a common lodging-house—their home went long ago.

Some old-age pensioners come in to be fed. They are in terrible plight in Blackpool. So high are rents that three or four of them have to share one room and, for warmth, they have to stay in bed until the soup kitchen opens.

A father of five children speaks despairingly while he drinks his soup. He had been compelled to take his family to live in a caravan colony, but was quickly told by the authorities that, if he did not find other accommodation for them, his children would be sent to the workhouse and he would go to prison.

Family's 2/6!

He has now found the cheapest possible house in Blackpool. Out of his weekly income of 20s. he had to pay 15s. down to get the key and 2s. 6d. to instal a gas-meter, leaving him with 2s. 6d. to feed himself and his flock for a week.

The stories like these are without end.

Always the theme of them is the high rents which have to be paid in Blackpool. A man may receive, say, 20s. or 22s. weekly from the local authority to maintain himself and his family, but only a few shillings remain for food, lighting and heat when rent has been paid.

At one time relief was disbursed about equally in cash and kind. But the cash was not nearly enough to pay the landlords, some of whom even took the food supplied to their tenants in exchange for the balance of rent. Rents must be paid, so the Blackpool authorities decided to pay the relief wholly in money.

The curse

Doctors and dietetic experts have been wrangling lately whether 5s. 1½d. or 5s. 10½d. weekly is sufficient for the proper feeding of an able-bodied man. Whole families are "living" in Blackpool on less than the lesser of these sums.

The ever-soaring property value of Blackpool of which its leaders boast has become the curse of the town.

Yet the authorities continue to frown upon any effort to relieve distress which brings it to public notice.

Only the other day a master at a large school in the borough assembled the children and asked those who were obtaining food at the soup kitchen to stand out. Twelve did so, and he told them they should be ashamed of themselves. One little boy who was slow in coming forward to admit his parents' poverty was punished.

The master did not tell the children where to find food if they stayed away from the humble soup kitchen in the backyard carpenter's shop. The education authority of Blackpool certainly does not feed its necessitous children. It would be a stigma on the town to do so.

Blackpool spends more every year upon entertaining conferences and distinguished guests and in generally proclaiming itself the Great Physician among holiday places than it does in caring for its destitute citizens.

Great Physician—heal thyself of this sore! Your seven million annual patients will then be still happier to take the glorious medicine which you so abundantly provide for them

FOR DOCTORS ONLY

Hydrochloric acid and its dangers

Very serious harm can result from a dangerous excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach. And certain of the common everyday beverages provoke an alarming excess of acids in the stomach, and interrupt the natural digestive process.

Now, scientists making tests in a London hospital have discovered that Rowntree's Cocoa helps the normal process of digestion by *neutralising* this acidity in the stomach. As a result your system is able to get more good — *extra* nourishment — from food. And Rowntree's is a nourishing, digestible food-drink in itself.

CHANGING TO ROWNTREE'S HAS DONE WONDERS FOR IRENE

"Star child of her class now"

says Mrs. SEXTON, 15 Saville Place, Lambeth Road, London, S.E. "*Yes — Irene's a child to be proud of now! But at one time her health caused me a lot of anxiety. Finally someone suggested it might be digestive trouble so I started her right away with Rowntree's Cocoa — she began improving at once. Now she's the star child of her class!*"

EXTRA NOURISHMENT FOR YOU

No wonder children start improving when you change them to Rowntree's Cocoa! This cocoa is so digestible that it helps them to digest everything better — so that they get more *good* from their food. *Extra* nourishment! It's wonderfully economical too — only half a teaspoonful makes each delicious cupful.

FREE GIFTS — Coupons for magnificent gifts in every tin. Write to Rowntree & Co. Ltd., York, for Gift Booklet No. 5-JL.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

Now 5½d. per ¼-lb. tin

actually helps digestion

C012-4506

CHOSEN to be an ASSASSIN!

YOU are asking readers to turn over their memories and tell their stories. Well, there's one chapter of my life that has been locked in my memory for close on thirty years, though I've often thought of setting it down on paper.

It tells how I nearly murdered a man in my early youth, when, as a lad of fourteen, I was sentenced to serve five years on a training ship.

As I intend to tell the truth in this narrative, I may as well start by being quite frank. I suppose I was what would be called a "young rip."

Bright young people to-day think nothing of "borrowing" somebody's motor-car for a joy-ride, and, more often than not, they get away with it.

In my young days we used to do the same thing with bicycles, and I happened to get caught. They said I was a ringleader, so on a bright, sunny afternoon I was led away from the West Ham Quarter Sessions by a detective and escorted to a training ship, the name of which I should prefer not to mention.

I was plunged straight into the clockwork routine of shipboard life and for the next few weeks I didn't have much leisure for self-pity. I was too busy trying to keep out of trouble!

I expect conditions on training ships have improved a great deal since those days, but at the time of which I write the boy who could get through a day without a taste of the rope's end was lucky.

I remember an officer used to stand over us when we were scrubbing the decks—and they had to be scrubbed, too!—and if any boy showed the slightest sign of flagging in his labours he would be given something to liven him up.

NONE of the lads was soft or expected to be wrapped up in cotton-wool; but there is a limit to endurance, and the fact that the rope's end was so often used without just reason made rebels of us all.

It was the same in the ship's school. I know I hadn't attended many lessons before I was called out and given six strokes with the cane for some very trifling offence.

The school officer was a giant to us, and whenever he used the cane, which was on every possible occasion, he would lash the fingers and wrists unmercifully, raising blood-blisters with every cut.

The food they gave us was often nauseating and always insufficient in quantity.

Most of us, I know, couldn't face the fat meat that was served up; but there was one boy, of unusually big build, who was often so ravenous that he would collect remnants of this fat out of the scruppers to devour as if they had been the choicest morsels.

This poor lad was made a butt by several of the officers, who were always picking on him for something or other.

One day he was sentenced to receive twelve strokes with the cane. It doesn't sound so dreadful, does it? but in this case the punishment was administered with such appalling brutality that the poor chap died about four days later.

When they took him ashore for burial his body bore marks that were a disgrace to humanity.

But if there was plenty of tragedy and hardships in our young lives, we used to get occasional laughs among ourselves, too.

I well remember the day when my washing blew overboard just before we were due to parade for an inspection.

I needed a clean shirt to go on parade, and if I'd dared to tell the truth I should have been well flogged for carelessness in not making my washing line more secure.

I was at my wits' end to know what to do when a boy who was my especial chum hit upon an ingenious idea.

Tearing off the bottom of his own clean shirt he told me to take it to the storemaster and say that the rest had been ripped away and blown overboard by the wind.

FORTUNATELY for me the wind was still high when I reported at the storeroom, and this tale was believed. I was issued with a new garment and my chum went on parade wearing only the top half of his shirt, the ragged ends being well tucked in so as not to show!

There was one officer on board who was hated by us all. He was a ruthless bully and utterly unfair in all his dealings with the lads.

The best-behaved boy was quite as likely to incur his wrath as the more hardened young ruffians.

I know we shuddered whenever this officer was on duty—especially on bath days.

After bathing we had to pass by in file for inspection, and no matter how clean we had scrubbed ourselves four out of every five would receive a savage slash with the rope's end and be ordered to go and wash again!

Imagine my terror, then, when this officer selected me for his cabin boy. I knew that my predecessors in this post had been shamefully maltreated and the tales which some of them used to relate were full of indescribable torture.

Rather than face such horrors I refused to start my new duties, and thus made a lasting and dangerous enemy.

FROM that moment onward that officer took an especial delight in making my life unbearable. He was always reporting me to the captain on the most trivial pretexts and I had to endure frequent unmerited punishment.

Sometimes I used to think that I might have fared better had I obeyed that first command, and there were moments when I found myself giving way to despair.

There was one consolation, though. I had made two good chums in boys of about my own age, and the three of us used to meet in the still watches of the night and solace each other with declarations of what we would do when

(*Continued on page 24*)

By the flickering candle-light my chum branded my ankle with a mark which I shall carry to the grave

"JOHN BULL" *Readers' Stories* —79—

Kodak Film prices down!

Verichrome
Now 1/2
(OLD PRICE 1/4)

Now 2d. cheaper—

8 snaps for a shilling!

News for hikers, cyclists, motorists, riders, holiday-planners—*all camera owners!*

"Kodak" Film now costs less. One shilling now instead of 1/2. But only the price changes—you still get 8 pictures in each roll. The same "Kodak" quality. You can buy "Kodak" Film at all shops.

"Kodak" Film gets ALL *the detail*

It's clearness of detail that makes one snap better than another. In a good snap you can see *all* the details—time on a distant clock, the freckles on young Freddie's face. This clearness of detail depends on the number of tones that the film records between dead black and pure white. Good film gets many tones, bad film, few. *"Kodak" Film gets them all.*

That's why all the leading movie directors use "Kodak" Film. Follow their example and your snaps will look sharp and sparkling, crisp and clear.

Regular "Kodak" Film now costs 1/- for eight pictures instead of 1/2. Verichrome 8-picture Film now costs 1/2 instead of 1/4. Verichrome is the *double-coated* "Kodak" Film that gets the finest possible snaps, whether the day is *dull or fine*. Remember—open-air days are here—why not get some "Kodak" Film now!

Kodak Film

Sold everywhere by "Kodak" Dealers

KODAK LIMITED, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2

He greets each day with a smile... *do you?*

If you would be fit and hearty, start each day *right* with a nourishing breakfast of Quaker Oats.

Milled from the world's finest oats, grown and ripened under sunny skies, there is nothing so good, so cheap—nothing so cheap, so good as Quaker Oats.

The absolute purity of Quaker Oats makes it completely digestible, promoting "regular habits" and providing ample nourishment without creating superfluous fat.

Everyone, men, women, children, will enjoy and benefit from this nourishing breakfast.

Quick Quaker

PER PACKET 4d & 8½d AT ALL GROCERS

Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick Quaker

MADE IN CANADA

Quaker Oats Ltd., London

Chosen to be an Assassin

(Continued from page 22)

Midnight Murder Plot

our term on the training ship was ended.

You may be surprised to learn that we were all ambitious and entertained high ideals. I'm afraid half our rosy dreams have never been realised, but at least we were fired with a zeal that the misery of our surroundings could not wholly crush.

It was at these midnight meetings that a desperate scheme was born in our boyish minds—a scheme for delivering our comrades from the tyrannous heel of an oppressor.

As we discussed it among ourselves it all seemed very heroic, and we invested it with all the romantic details our young minds could devise.

The object of our hatred was the officer whose brutalities I have described, and we could think of no fate harsh enough for one who had caused us all so much misery.

The punishments which pleased us most were, alas! impracticable. We gloated for long over the delicious spectacle of our enemy being made to walk the plank, and even went so far as to discuss ways and means of encompassing his end in this strictly nautical fashion.

The most bloodthirsty of the trio was convinced that nothing short of being blown from the muzzle of the old gun on which we used to fire salutes would meet the case.

But by degrees we came down to earth and had to confine ourselves to means which lay to our hands.

ONE of us possessed a sheath knife, a truly fascinating-looking weapon, though it was not as sharp as we could have wished.

Still, we put the best edge upon it that we could with a steel borrowed from the cook. And then we started to map out a definite plan of campaign.

Who was to have the honour of stabbing the oppressor? With boylike bravado we all claimed this privilege, but such a momentous decision could not be reached without proper ceremony.

The plot was hatched throughout a succession of midnight councils, and eventually it was arranged that fate must point to the hand of the deliverer!

It was solemnly resolved that the boy who received the largest portion of "duff" at dinner on the following day should claim the knife for his own and commit the deed in his own chosen time.

You can imagine that tension ran high at dinner next day when the "duff" was being served out!

Three pairs of eyes stared anxiously at three outstretched plates; and three very excited boys held their breath in anticipation.

But I was the most breathless of the trio, for the largest portion of "duff" was unmistakably mine!

I was too excited throughout the remainder of that day to realise fully the significance of the situation.

And at midnight, when we met as usual to exchange hand-clasps and feverish whispers in the darkness, I was in a sort of trance.

WE had previously decided in council that the chosen one must be singled out for special honour by having a devil's head tattooed upon his ankle.

I ought to mention that there was a craze for tattooing among us at that time, and some of the boys used to acquire a certain degree of skill, though they worked with nothing more elaborate than a darning needle and a stick of Indian ink!

One of my chums was particularly deft at this art, so by the flickering light of a carefully-screened stump of candle, he bent over my bared ankle to brand me with the mark of the "elect."

I have carried that mark upon me for thirty years and I shall carry it with me to the grave, a constant reminder of that exciting night.

Considering the conditions under which it was done it is a fairly creditable piece of work: it is certainly the most sinister devil's head I have ever seen.

Well, you can imagine that when I got back to my hammock that night all hope of sleep had gone. I lay there wide-eyed till daybreak, reviewing in my mind all the wrongs that we had suffered at the hands of our enemy.

THE next day was the longest I have ever known. I felt dreadfully alone. Until now our plot had seemed heroic and the honour of striking a blow for the deliverance of our comrades had seemed something to be coveted.

But with the realisation that this responsibility rested upon me alone all the glamour departed. I began to understand the enormity of the act I was pledged to perform, and I would have given everything to be back in my own home.

Still, I was young and high-spirited and anyone who understands boy psychology knows that the last thing a lad will face is being looked upon as a coward by his fellows.

To back out now that I had gone so far was impossible. I simply had to go on with it.

The first opportunity arose at breakfast the next morning when the hated officer happened to be on duty.

It was his habit to patrol up and down between the tables in the mess-deck and I arranged with our ally, the cook, for the newly-sharpened knife to be handed to me in my bowl of cocoa.

I cannot possibly describe my feelings as I sat there at the mess table with my bowl before me.

The first time the officer passed I dared not even look at him. The second time he approached the table I managed to raise my eyes, but my arms became rooted to my sides.

I REMEMBER I gulped and tried to tell myself that I was letting my comrades down; I recalled all the brutalities that officer had committed and the additional misery he had brought to myself.

He was approaching again, and I knew that it must be now or never. Everything swam mistily before my eyes as I groped for the bowl and plunged my hand into the steaming cocoa to retrieve the knife.

Then I sprang forward and struck wildly at the officer's chest. It was a half-hearted blow, I know, but to my horror he collapsed upon the deck, and with a chorus of wild cries ringing in my ears I fell over him in a swoon.

Well, I know I did wrong. I repented even as I struck the blow, but it was too late. Fortunately, I had not the strength to drive the knife home and the officer escaped with a wound that was in no way dangerous.

As a matter of fact, he was walking about hale and well long before I was, because I was given 18 strokes of the birch by the Master at Arms, and sentenced to ten days' detention.

I don't pretend to draw any moral from this. I simply tell my story as an illustration of the way in which a perfectly normal boy was in danger of being made into a criminal in the bad old days of thirty years ago.

Thank goodness those days have changed!

BUT lest you think we were all incorrigible and deserved the brutal treatment that was our lot, let me close with one little memory to prove that we were not without our finer instincts.

When I was writhing in my cell after that well-merited punishment, my poor little body all bruised and bleeding, I suddenly heard something tapping against the porthole.

I looked up and saw a ship's biscuit which my mates had lowered on a piece of string from the upper deck.

I crawled to the porthole, and temporarily I forgot my aches and felt that new heart had been put into me.

For across the surface of that biscuit my comrades had tattooed three words; three words that were as balm to my throbbing wounds:

"Cheer up, Chum!"

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips." When more than one reader sends the same "slip," prize will be awarded to the first one opened.

THE NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—"The girl was found two places of UNEMPLOYMENT in London."

NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:—"——, proposing a vote of thanks, referred to a MEMORIAL gale which struck Saltburn."

BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE:—"6 March, 1934—Now that AUTUMN is here and the season of rain is about to commence. . . ."

SPORTS GAZETTE:—"——— retaliated and they just FOULED to increase their lead."

NELSON LEADER:—"Everything of value to the modern housewife will be demonstrated, whilst the more masculine WIND will also have his tastes amply catered for."

MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE:—"The matches for the blue riband of amateur golf will be played between the United States or Great Britain."

WIGAN OBSERVER:—"——'s BAND supplied the up-to-date music for dancing."

FOOTBALL MAIL (West Hartlepool):—"———, at centre half, was also a dominating FACTORY."

"The Greatest of These—"

Hard Times

Eileen

EILEEN is a cheerful little soul of eight years of age. Her ex-Service dad fell ill last November. "He would keep on carrying on," said Eileen's mother, "until he had to go to the hospital. He kept on saying, 'I shall be all right,' but he seemed to get worse instead of better, and has been in hospital many weeks. His heart, they say, will always be affected."

Eileen, her ten-year-old brother and their mother have all had the 'flu badly. They feel the loss of dad keenly. The money he brought home is no longer there. The offices their mother used to clean have closed down, and she has lost all energy and feels depressed. Out of the 25s. a week, which is all she has coming in, she finds it difficult to manage the fares to visit her husband three times a week, pay the rent and provide food and clothing, light and firing.

"Mine are good children," she said. "If they get any money given to them, they always ask if I want it. Recently, my boy won half-a-crown in a competition, which came on a day when we had nothing, so he at once gave it to me. It is only the children who keep my spirits up. Life without them is just an existence. I lost one boy aged five."

"Eileen's mother," says the children's head teacher, "is at present going through a hard and difficult time. Her husband is seriously ill in hospital and there is no money coming in. I have known the family for some time and have always found them thoroughly hard-working, respectable and deserving of help."

Donations earmarked "Eileen," and those subscribed for the Fund generally, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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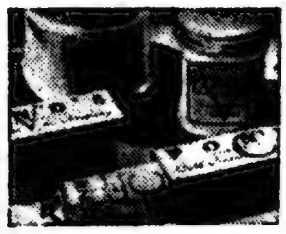

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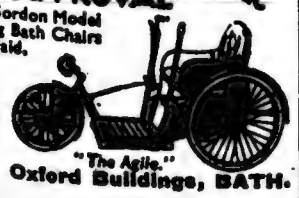

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS

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PHILIP INMAN

The woman between them—But the step-son must cease to regard her as an usurper

SECOND PARENTS

—The Step-son who Must Obey

MOTHERS-IN-LAW are a standard but rather stale joke on the music-hall stage. Not much fun is poked at step-mothers. That relationship in the minds of many people offers no ground for humour. Certainly it is very true that often it is no joke—for the step-mother.

Take a case of this kind. A girl marries a widower who has children old enough to remember their mother. They feel resentment at a stranger usurping the place the mother held, and, in consequence, a good deal of trouble is caused.

Listen to this complaint which comes from one of the family—a young man of twenty-two.

"Next year," he says, "I hope to take my final examination as a chartered accountant. My mother died three and a half years ago, leaving my father, brother and myself. My father has since married again—a woman much younger than himself. We welcomed her at first and things went smoothly for about a year or so. But since then her attitude has changed greatly.

"She is of a cantankerous disposition and tries to boss us all.

"I am keeping company with a very nice girl and there is often a great deal of unpleasantness because my step-mother insists that I shall ask her permission when I want to bring my fiancée home to a meal. This I have refused to do, and, in consequence, my girl rarely comes to the house.

"My father has not yet made his will, though he means to do so, but if either I or my brother wish to talk privately with him his wife tries her hardest to prevent us."

Now, after reading that letter, I have no hesitation in saying where my sympathies lie.

THIS stepmother, for instance, insists that she should be consulted before this young man takes his fiancée in to a meal. That request, in my judgment, is a perfectly reasonable one. After all, she is in charge of the housekeeping, and she has a right to know how many she has to cater for. People who drop in casually at meal-times are a nuisance, as every housewife knows.

Then take the question of the will. Although my correspondent does not say so, it seems fairly obvious that he is trying to persuade his father to make this in favour of his brother and himself.

I do not wonder that this stepmother resents these secret conferences. After all, think of her point of view. She has married this young man's father, is looking after his house and is getting no younger as the years pass. It is only fair, therefore, that provision should be made for her in the event of his death. And it is only right that she should be consulted in family affairs of this kind.

My correspondent is in a much more favourable position than she is. Next year, he tells me, he hopes to become a chartered accountant. His father, therefore, at a fairly heavy cost has done his best to equip him for his future life. But his stepmother may have nothing to fall back upon, having sacrificed herself to this home.

Now, this young man tells me that he got on well with his stepmother at the beginning. Then, he says, she became cantankerous. From what he tells me, I believe he has contributed to that disposition. His attitude with regard to the will and his fiancée supports that view.

My correspondent must look at things from her standpoint.

Now let us look at this step-relationship from another angle.

"The girl I am courting," writes a correspondent, "has a stepfather and an invalid mother who is practically helpless. When her mother was taken ill, she gave up a good job to go home and nurse her, and she has stayed there since, looking after them all. Yet her stepfather gives her no pocket money and he tries his utmost to make her life miserable.

"For over two years this has been going on, and for weeks at a time he will not speak a word to her. And yet I know she does everything to make him and her mother as comfortable as possible. This treatment, of course, makes my girl feel very unhappy, and she often wonders whether she ought to clear out, especially as she has a married sister with whom she could live. She, however, feels that she has a duty to her mother and doesn't want to leave her.

"I would tackle this stepfather myself, but she begs me not to have a row with him, as it would only upset the invalid mother."

I THINK my readers will agree that in this case the stepfather is definitely to blame. This girl gave up a good job to go home and look after him and her mother. The least she is entitled to, in return, is decent friendly treatment.

But I think it is probably the man in him (or, rather, the lack of the man in him) and not the step-relationship that is responsible. I can't help thinking that if this girl had been his own child his attitude towards her would have been exactly the same. He obviously belongs to the type of parents who expect their children, even when grown up, to sacrifice everything for their comfort. Luckily for this girl, however, he *is* her *step*father, and therefore has no claim whatever upon her. And, if it were not for her concern about her mother, she could feel free to go elsewhere.

The problem I have to solve, therefore, centres round that mother. And a solution must be found that will not cause her more pain and distress.

We know that this man treats his stepdaughter badly. We are not told whether he is good to his wife. If he is, this girl would be justified in telling him that he must obtain help for the home, as she intends to get a post.

This need not mean giving up her home altogether, but she would avoid the constant daily friction between herself and her stepfather. At the same time, with the money she earns, she could not only provide extra comforts for her mother, but save up for her marriage, which is the ultimate and best solution of a problem of this kind.

But, supposing this man is cruel also to her mother. In that case he is obviously a bully and that home would be well rid of him. That can be achieved in one way. The evidence of the mother and her daughter would be sufficient to obtain a separation, and he would then have to contribute at least towards his wife's support.

For my third problem I will quote a letter that gives the stepmother's own story.

"I started my marriage at the age of twenty-nine, full of ideals, and thought I could not fail. I have put my heart and soul into the task of making my husband happy and bringing up his two children, aged six and four. We also have my own little boy, born the first year.

"The two elder children were previously looked after by my husband's mother and sisters. They wanted to keep the little girl, but I fought tooth and nail for her and eventually I had her. This, of course, made them dislike me, coupled with the fact that my husband had been paying them for her keep. All this shocked me terribly, as I thought any mother would have been thankful to see her son's broken life mended.

"The two children go to them every holiday for about a week. During that time they are thoroughly spoilt and my husband's relatives criticise their clothes and me. The result is that they return home unhappy and discontented.

"I have, of course, done all I can for them. I make all their clothes and take in dressmaking, too, in order to give them a better time. My husband has remonstrated with his people, but only received abuse in return. He tells me to ignore it all, but it has gone on for four years now. It disheartens me very much.

There is only one thing to do in this case. If these people can't act decently towards my correspondent, she and her husband must break off relationships with them. People who act like cads should be treated with contempt. And for this woman to be criticised by them in the presence of her young step-children places them, in my opinion, completely beyond the pale.

THEREFORE I would refuse to allow these children to go to that home again until a promise is given that such conduct will cease. And I venture to think that that promise will not be long in coming. If those people are genuinely fond of the children, they will desire to see them from time to time. That can only be done by showing consideration to the woman who has become a second mother to them.

In the meantime, my correspondent has two consolations. Her conscience is clear and her husband stands by her.

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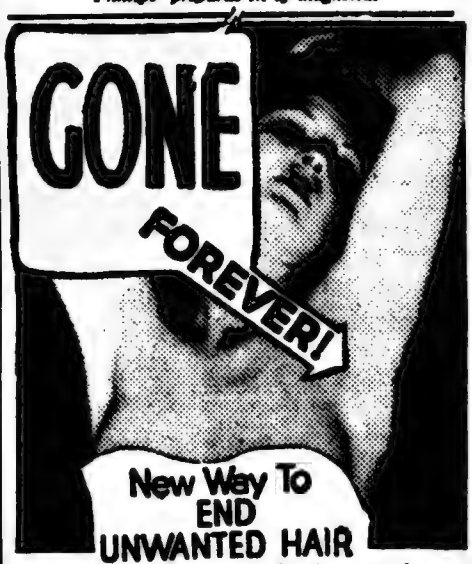

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Are We Walking on Oil?

ARE we in Britain living on a vast oilfield that will one day—perhaps soon—give us a new lease of prosperity?

The first Lord Cowdray, who was largely instrumental in finding the Mexican oilfields, died believing that to be the case, and offered, at one time, to spend a big sum on private drilling.

That the Government of to-day does not laugh at the idea is shown by its Petroleum (Production) Bill now before Parliament, which aims at giving the State the ownership of all petroleum found here.

The fact is that there is no reason to believe that Great Britain lacks oil. All we have lacked up to the present is the enthusiasm to look for it.

We gave up heart after sinking eleven bore-holes and getting results from only three of them, forgetting that more than forty holes had to be drilled in Texas before a pint of oil was yielded. The result, then, was a gusher giving 15 barrels a week for the first year.

Yet one of our three pipes that "struck oil"—that on the Duke of Devonshire's estate at Hardstoft in Derbyshire—yields 35 barrels a day!

If Texas had stopped at the point at which we became disheartened she would never have become what she is to-day—one of the greatest oil-producing territories in the world and a bright gem in the commercial crown of America in consequence.

England's pioneer oil-well at Hardstoft, which was sunk in 1919 and has yielded good quality oil ever since, although not in great quantities

Britain backward!

We, in Britain, alive and alert as we are in so many things, have been very backward in the matter of oil. We have persisted in regarding it as the monopoly of certain countries, like coal, or gold or diamonds.

It is an absolutely mistaken view, for in almost every country it is being found, in large quantities or small.

Some countries that ten years ago had far less reason than ourselves to suspect the presence of oil under their soil now have production figures of round about 200,000 tons a year which, although it may seem small compared with America's 120 *million* tons a year, is nevertheless sufficient to maintain a healthy new industry.

Too much emphasis has been placed on the three British borings that have yielded oil to date. A few results of that kind neither prove nor disprove the existence of oil here in huge quantities.

As an expert of the Board of Trade pointed out to JOHN BULL, eleven borings are totally insufficient to explore the strata of a country like this.

There are far more encouraging signs than those yielded by the drills of the geologists—*most of them in places that have never yet felt the touch of a drill.*

There are the natural gases that come from the earth in various parts. For instance, the railway station at Heathfield, in Sussex, is lighted from a pipe sunk into the ground. In other words, there is the same phenomenon here as at Oil City, in Pennsylvania, where natural gas lights the streets.

Then there is the fact that Britain is quite rich in carboniferous limestone and "oil-sand" (the natural resting-place of petroleum), not one ten-millionth part of which has been tested for oil.

Furthermore, surface bitumen is found in Derbyshire and other places—and bitumen is dissipated oil, oil that has broken away from its underground lakes at some time or another.

And a still further fact is that petroleum has been found as a regular contamination in wells at places as far apart as Sussex, Hampshire, East Anglia, parts of Scotland. Yes, and in London—at Willesden!

Cogent point

After all, we are a coal-producing country, and the link between coal and oil must not be overlooked.

Oil can be dismissed in a rough-and-ready way as coal with a certain amount of added hydrogen to liquefy it. In fact, the hydrogenation process for making petrol from coal is really adding hydrogen to "black diamonds" to give us oil. Actually, Britain once led America in this industry—a fact we should do well not to forget.

The first commercial exploitation of oil was when, in 1850, an Englishman named James Young found out how to distil the oil he got from the soil of Derbyshire, and secured the first patent for the extraction of paraffin from it.

America had found small quantities of petroleum before that—and had discovered no other use for it than as an embrocation.

Then, nine years later, America took up the search for it in earnest, and founded the fortunes of her present gigantic industry.

She learned how to look for the bowler-hat shaped curves in the strata which show where the gases from underground lakes of oil have been struggling to escape for centuries. Meantime we—the pioneers—have contented ourselves with sinking eleven bore-holes and then deciding that there is no more possibility of finding oil in Britain than of discovering volcanoes here.

Standstill

From 1850 until 1917 we did practically nothing. We were handicapped, it is true, by the fact that Britain is split into so many hundreds of thousands of small holdings, which would tend to cause chaos if underground oil-lakes were discovered; but until the war we made no effort to surmount that difficulty.

Then, when the Defence of the Realm Act gave the Government power to enter any land in the national interest—and this country was sadly handicapped by the fact that there are practically no oilfields in the Empire—we made a move.

Lord Cowdray being anxious to prosecute private searches, the Government said it would help to finance them. It voted £1,000,000 for the purpose and then, when eleven bore-holes had been sunk and half the money was gone, called a halt because the war had ended!

Eleven bore-holes, and three have shown results! And we have allowed ourselves to get discouraged.

Well, let us hope that the new measure introduced by the Government will be passed and will end all that.

It has been brought forward because a leading petroleum company believes that there are great possibilities of finding oil here, and is prepared to begin large-scale operations to find out.

This measure aims at giving reputable people only the right to explore—a wise precaution, since the Government has a dossier full of would-be Jacob Factors anxious to exploit any oil boom.

Then it will prevent pirates sinking bore-holes in the vicinity should a successful gusher be found. And, finally, it will draw such a royalty on every gallon yielded that good luck for the oil prospector will mean good luck for every taxpayer in the land.

NEXT WEEK "John Bull" will publish details of its great surprise for every reader. Make certain of your copy of "John Bull" and tell your friends

Race with "Silver Ring"

Ally Pally Naps

FROM several quarters requests have been received asking for a profit-and-loss account of the Code selections during the Flat's first week.

On a level stake, they showed a profit of six and a half points, mainly thanks to the success of Advancer, who won the Liverpool Hurdle at 10 to 1.

The big races were near—and yet, so far. Quartz II. beaten a neck and a head in the Lincoln; Delaneige, for the National, was second on merit. It was his misfortune to be up against a real champion. Fortunately, the each-way selection, Thomond II., filled third place and showed a profit on the race. Tetrapod, 7 to 2, obliged at Nottingham.

Popular "Ally Pally," with its soup-plate and turns, will be the chief attraction this week-end.

The London Sprint Handicap has cut up badly at the acceptance stage, but there is material for a good race. If I was sure Wheatley would stay the mile I should not look elsewhere, but there is a doubt and I prefer Jim Thomas.

Manchuria gets the vote in the Alexandra Plate, and Timogue may also be a winner here.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, April 5, to Wednesday, April 11.

A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F O K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G S

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

GSW95WK would read FORBRA.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. R94Z29398F96S98 would read WELLINGTON.

OVERALLS THAT KEEP SMART ALL THE TIME

PRICES
BIB & BRACE OVERALLS
Grade 3, 6/6
Grade 2, 7/6
Grade 1, 9/11
BOILER SUITS
Grade 3, 9/11
Grade 2, 12/6
Grade 1, 14/11
LONG KHAKI COATS
5/6, 7/6, 8/11
LONG WHITE COATS
7/6, 8/6, 9/11
Ask your outfitter or write for complete price lists.

There is a specially designed Bolenium Coat or Overall " worn by the man who knows " for almost every job. Each garment is made with the same care and thoroughness as the famous Bolenium Bib and Brace, with its double sewn seams, stout dust and grease-proof material, detachable buttons and unique non-slip buckles. Ask your outfitter or write for name of nearest stockist.

BOLENIUM
PRONOUNCED BO-LEENY-UM

OVERALLS OF EVERY KIND

BIB and BRACE OVERALLS, BOILER SUITS, BUTCHERS' CLOTHING, WAREHOUSE COATS, PROVISION COATS, JACKETS, TROUSERS, ETC.

BOILER SUIT GRADE THREE 9/11

BOLENIUM OVERALLS (Dept. 1) UPTON PARK, LONDON, E.13

SPRING-CLEANING

—that's the time to brighten up your home the **Berkeley** *way*

10/- WITH ORDER

Brightening up your home the Berkeley way means giving your rooms all the freshness of Spring with colourful *Berkeley* Loose Covers and Curtains—means creating new comfort for yourself with the Berkeley Superlax Easy Chair. This luxurious chair takes up any position you want—AUTOMATICALLY. There's nothing to adjust—no need to get out of the chair. The normal position is ideal for reading or sewing, and the lounging position perfect for a man with his pipe after a long, tiring day.

The seat is not only perfectly sprung but is ALL-HAIR stuffed. The back is also sprung and deeply upholstered. Both back and seat are quickly detachable from the main frame for easy, thorough cleaning. Fitted with concealed castors which raise the chair 1½ ins. from the floor. Coverings are the very latest, most fashionable designs in multi-coloured Repp in a variety of shades. Other Coverings are Damask, Tapestry, etc. *Send coupon for Catalogue of all Models and Patterns from which to choose your own Coverings.*

IN 3 QUALITY COVERING

CASH PRICE **62/6** or 65/-:— 10/- with order and balance 10/- monthly.

The Berkeley SUPERLAX
Provisional Patent No. 9361/33

The Easy Chair that adjusts itself!

Sold under our usual Guarantee of money-back if not satisfied within 7 days. **FREE Delivery in England, Wales & Scotland.**

BERKELEY LOOSE COVER & CURTAIN SERVICE
You can replace your worn and faded curtains and furnishings with beautiful *Berkeley* Loose Covers and Curtains at astoundingly little cost. Extensive resources and huge output keep our PRICES FAR BELOW those charged elsewhere. If you reside within reasonable distance of any of our Branches, we shall be pleased to send a skilled representative to take measures & estimate for any type of Upholstery, other than Berkeley. Send coupon for Patterns of extensive range of materials including Cretonnes, Reppe, Shadow Tissues, Art Silks, Velours, etc.

Genuine Berkeleys are only made in our own Factories and are not obtainable through any other furnishing house.

H. J. SEARLE & SON, LTD. (Dept. J.B.)
70-72, OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON, S.E.1.
Showrooms: 133, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1; The Arcade, Croydon; The Parade, Watford 12, Poole Hill, Bournemouth; 85, New Street, Birmingham; and 71, Deansgate, Manchester.

COUPON Please send me your Illustrated Catalogue of all Models of Berkeley Upholstery, together with PATTERNS of—
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(Cross out Patterns NOT required.)
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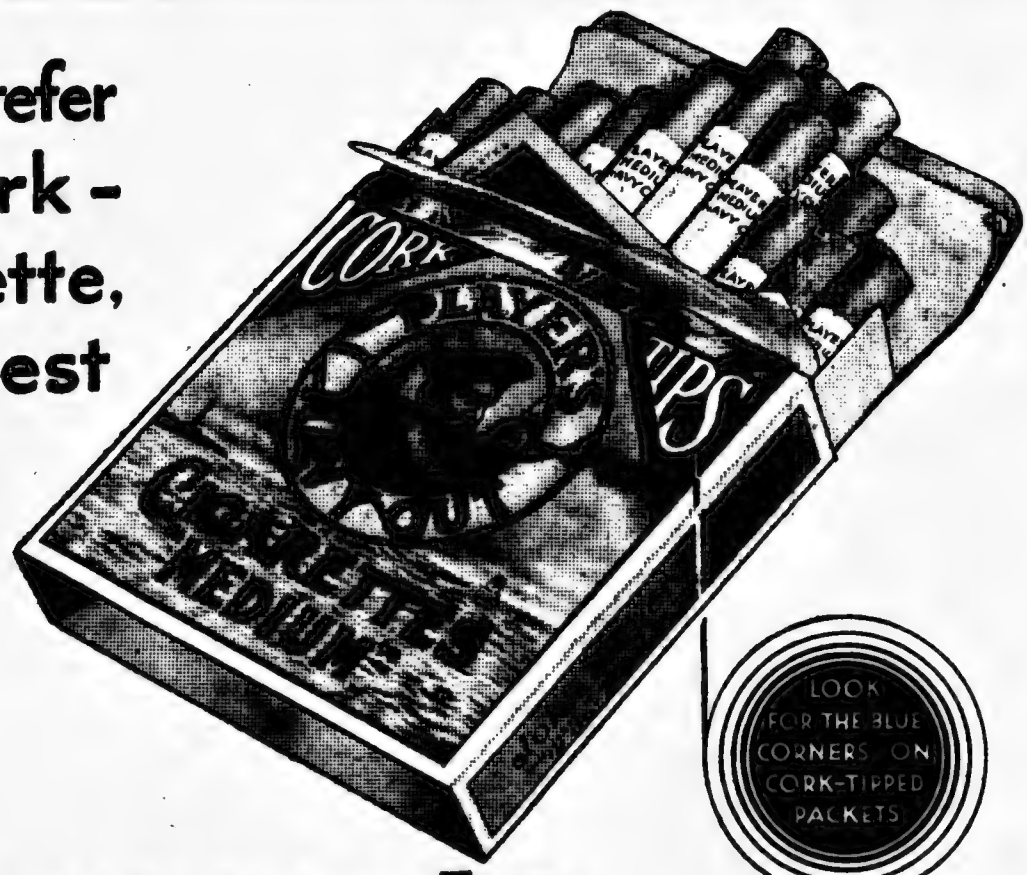
Whether you prefer a plain or cork-tipped cigarette, smoke the best



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LOOK FOR THE BLUE CORNERS ON CORK-TIPPED PACKETS

PLAYER'S PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. N.C.C.160.M

JESSIE MATTHEWS'

Beauty Secret

Miss Jessie Matthews, the famous Gaumont British Film Star, writes:—"During long days and late nights rehearsing, I have found Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream invaluable for keeping a nice complexion. It clings perfectly without clogging and maintains a lasting, lovely finish. It seems to me such an excellent idea to have combined the powder and cream in one, and the mirror in the bottom of the jar is a real inspiration."

POWDER CREAM MIRROR ALL IN ONE 1/-

Every Jar is fitted with a dainty mirror. In a flapper shakes everywhere.

Potter & Moore's
MITCHAM LAVENDER
POWDER-CREAM

A Regular Nightly Dose of Bile Beans Will Keep You Well All The Time

BILE BEANS FOR BILIOUSNESS

Taken in Springtime, Bile Beans will thoroughly cleanse you inside and sweep away all the poisons that have accumulated in your body in Winter.

Take Bile Beans for a clear skin, purer blood, better appetite, sound sleep and good digestion.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

IN BRAVEST ENGLAND (5)—by Mrs. Cecil Chesterton

The WIFE at the COBBLER'S LAST

I NEVER knew a place so conscious of its civic self as Birmingham. Before such municipal pride the casual Londoner, who unconcernedly accepts the beauties and the blemishes of his home town, falls back amazed.

The public buildings, the wide roads, the bustling tramcars all proclaim that they belong to no mean city. Corporation Street asserts its well-kept shops and shining windows with a calm superiority that flattens the outsider. And from their serene height the Town Hall and the University salute the Art Gallery with its rare treasure trove.

Even the slums seem to debouch from well-kept thoroughfares, trickling back into the inevitable dingy alleys and mean courts, and always the pulse of the Midland capital beats quick and strong, with a swift charged vitality, expressed to me in the never-ending panorama of New Street Station, through whose wide jaws thousands of men and women flow in and out each day and every day.

But Birmingham, for all its pride, has fallen on evil times, and where once giant machines unceasingly ate up time and material like heathen gods, and kept armies of men to fulfil oceans of contracts, nowadays orders and industry move to a slower rhythm.

Women here, as in all other areas, are the hardest hit by the four years of trade depression. Once more in this city I am moved to a poignant wonder that feminine flesh and blood, month on month, year on year, can carry on the fight for home and children.

Their bodies are semi-starved, their souls wrenched with the strain of beating down that menace of to-morrow which treads ever on to-day.

No Escape

It is difficult for those of us who, well fed and warmly housed, have never had to fight for bare existence, to realise the long-drawn torment of a struggle which dare not cease, and I have found myself wishing that it were possible to transpose comfortable lives to such conditions as surround hundreds of wives and mothers incorrigibly courageous.

One of these indomitable mothers of Birmingham is Mrs. White, who lives in a house reeking with bad air and noise. There is not an empty space nor a quiet moment, and the smell and the clatter make a miniature hell from which there is no escape

Not, I think, that Mrs. White ever envisages the possibility of downing tools. Her three rooms, four children and a pathetic crock of a husband make up a world of which she is the pivot.

Mr. White in his palmy days was in the shoe trade. He carried through hand-sewn bespoke orders for several firms and made quite a comfortable living. His story includes ill-health, depression and the realisation that with thousands of others he has been scrapped. Chronically feeble, with dyspepsia and rheumatism, he is not ill enough for sick pay and is ineligible for the "dole."

What then?

Mrs. White took a hand, or rather I should say a cobbler's last, and started shoe and boot mending for the neighbourhood. Soles are put on almost while you wait, heels straightened, patches sewn—the kitchen-workroom is strewn with shreds of leather, the hammer taps, the machine whizzes.

"Jimmy broke into a cascade of long, clear notes. It was a paean of praise for the little cobbler woman"

"Trade's fairly brisk just now," Mrs. White looked up for a moment. "My husband helps when he can, and the eldest girl—she's twelve—keeps the place tidy."

She bent close to her work, and Mr. White wrapped up a pair of boots for a little old lady waiting to take them back to Dad.

A bit of fire burned in the grate; bread, butter and a pot of tea were on the table. But the walls were bare, and the chairs comfortless, though—as mother explained—the children were well, and that was the main thing.

The sudden and startling trill of a canary broke from the adjoining room.

"That's Jimmy," said Mrs. White; "he belongs to my lodger, who, thank heaven, has got a job of work. Come and see the little dear."

The cage was spick and span, worthy of such a songster, and Mrs. White's tired face puckered into a smile as she held up a sprig of groundsel. Jimmy broke into a cascade of shakes and long, clear, high notes in satisfaction. It was, I felt, a paean of praise and triumph for the little cobbler woman. . . .

The Bad Temper

Mrs. Thomson, another of Birmingham's heroines, has one son, and a husband twenty years older than herself—and both depend on her for life.

She has a crocked heart and is subject to sudden blinding headaches. She is not capable of heavy work, but her neat-fingered accuracy, her quiet manner and good address got her a job as daily housekeeper to an elderly bachelor with a bad temper. He is not what I should call a generous employer, but the pay is regular, and Mrs. Thomson gets her food mid-day.

"What I earn pays the rent and the coal, with a couple of shillings over. . . . I don't need much food myself, neither does my husband, but Harry's a growing lad and hearty."

I gathered that Mrs. Thomson's midday meal is but rarely eaten in the house of her employer. She takes it home, where she shares it with the family—if share be the right word for her infinitesimal portion. She gathers in a little extra money by needlework in the evening—she "does" not only for her crusty bachelor, but looks after the linen and socks of some of his friends.

Her whole outlook on life is concentrated upon Harry. He has won a scholarship which will take him to a secondary school.

"It'll give him an opportunity," she said, "of fitting himself for a steady job. It'll take a bit of doing to see him through, but"—just for a second her lips twitched—"I'll do it if it kills me. We lean ones are hardy," she added.

Frail, shadowy, she looked as though a gust of wind might blow her out of life's battle. But her hands were steady, and her will was steel. I wished—oh, how I wished—that her splendid pride would have allowed her to take a little help. But to offer anything was quite impossible—it would have been an unforgiveable affront to her high spirit of independence. . . .

Women, no matter what the weather, always seem to me to thrive upon an outdoor life. Certainly that is true of a third Birmingham mother I visited—Mrs. Small, who is on the tramp from early morning till late at night.

A twinkly-eyed woman, with a pretty figure, nice teeth and irresistible smile, she used to be a theatrical dresser. That was fifteen years ago, before she married Bob and settled down to a sweet and tobacco shop business—which failed.

With three children to provide for—Bob, alas! is not a remunerative proposition—she turned her talents to fresh account.

"I buy old clothes and sell 'em to a second-hand dealer," she said, brightly, "I've an eye for a bargain—always had."

Making a Shilling

Mrs. Small set down a huge bundle and commenced to sort out evening dresses, skirts, jumpers and general odds and ends of women's wardrobes.

"You can get things dirt cheap for cash, and, if you're clever, get rid of 'em all at a profit. It's wonderful what an iron will do to a frock—a bit of mending will make an old garment look quite handsome." She laughed and patted a green satin blouse. "I shall make at least a shilling on this," she said proudly.

Mrs. Small's hours are long and irregular, but she keeps a roof over the family heads. Mr. Small acts as cook and bottle-washer to their back-street establishment; as Mrs. Small explained, she earns the bread, he bakes it!

Her brave spirit takes little count of staggering loads and black looks—"Some people are that rude when you knock at their door"—and there's always the kids to come home to.

There is, I suppose, nothing that in the alchemy of woman's love cannot be transmuted to fine use. And so from cast-off clothes Mrs. Small has built up a clean, strong life, making a thing of beauty out of threads and patches.

GRACIE FIELDS TOPS THE BILL!

with four songs from her latest Film

"LOVE, LIFE & LAUGHTER"

"Love, Life and Laughter" • *"Chérie"* B 8140 2/6
"Riding on the Clouds" • *"I'm a failure"* B 8141 2/6

BURLESQUE OF "IN TOWN TO-NIGHT" By Max Kester and supporting stars. *In town all night.* B 8145 2/6

RICHARD CROOKS—Unexcelled in two lovely songs. Richard Crooks has an amazing flair for finding songs that appeal to every listener. His singing of the songs on this new record could not be surpassed. *All through the night. Ar Hyd y Nos (Old Welsh Air). Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.* RICHARD CROOKS with Organ Acc. DA 1265 4/-

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE—Steals the heart with her warm affection. Just before she left England, Gertrude Lawrence, whose three records from "Nymph Errant" (B 8029-31) sold in such enormous numbers, made this new record. If ever a voice suggested affection and womanly tenderness, hers does here. *An hour ago this minute. What now? (Both from "Big Business.")* GERTRUDE LAWRENCE with Orchestral Acc. B 8137 2/6

Evelyn Laye (Jevans)

EVELYN LAYE—Indeed the "Princess Charming"! Evelyn Laye's voice has increased in richness and volume and she has never sung so well as she is singing now. *Near and yet so far* (Kester and Noble). *Brave Hearts.* B 8136 2/6. *The Princess's Awakening. Love is a song.* (All from the Film "Princess Charming.") B 8138 2/6

PAUL ROBESON—Better than ever. Paul Robeson's art has grown more expressive and subtle, and the latest methods of recording have enabled us to capture the finer over-tones of his voice as never before. *Wagon Wheels. Mammy's little kinky-headed boy.* PAUL ROBESON. B 8135 2/6

MAY PRE-RELEASES
"London." Suite. No. 1 Covent Garden. Tarantelle. No. 2 Westminster. Meditation. C 2655 4/-. The New Light Symphony Orchestra conducted by Joseph Lewis. *"London." Suite. No. 3 Knightsbridge (March). No. 4 The Unforgotten Melody (Haydn Wood).* C 2656 4/-. The New Light Symphony Orchestra conducted by Joseph Lewis.

"His Master's Voice"

Send a postcard for full descriptive list to
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You cannot buy a better Whiff at the price.

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3 FOR 6D.
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A FREE BOOK TO VICTIMS OF ASTHMA BRONCHITIS, CATARRH & HAY FEVER

WHY BECOME CHRONIC?

Your health is leaving you slowly, so slowly that you do not realise it. With every attack your powers of resistance are getting weaker and weaker, until, finally, you will become a chronic sufferer. No complaints cause so much suffering and anxiety as Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh and Hay Fever, but you can

STOP SUFFERING

just as Miss Mills did (read her letter). Miss Mills can sleep through the night and her work is now a pleasure. In her letter you will see that she considers it is absolutely essential to read the book and keep the rules if relief is to be effected. Write for your copy of Dr. Hair's free book. Your life will be changed just as Miss Mills and thousands of others have been changed from suffering to health.

NEW HOPE, LIFE and HAPPINESS

Dr. Hair, having suffered from Asthma at its worst, which he calls the furnace of suffering, for eleven years, finally discovered a successful treatment for himself, and was never again troubled with the complaint. Dr. Hair evolved a simple liquid preparation (taken in small doses), selling at a price within reach of those of modest means, which has worked wonders for thousands.

YOUR FIRST STEP

Send for Dr. Hair's free book which tells you in plain words how to regain perfect health. By following the simple rules of living and diet, and taking "Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure" in teaspoonful doses you will be able to go to bed without fear of an attack, to sleep peacefully all night and to find that health, strength and flesh will be rapidly restored to you.

The Royal Physician who endorsed Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure.

Read what Miss Mills has to say about it in the following letter, and you will at once agree that doctors who recommend it have good reason for doing so.

"SO TERRIBLE DO I KNOW THE AFFLICTION TO BE"

West End House,
Tisbury, Wilts.
March 16th, 1932.

Gentlemen,
It is now three weeks since I commenced to take Dr. Hair's Cure, and the result is wonderful. My work is a pleasure and my nights good. I thank you for the book you sent me. I consider that it is absolutely essential to read the book and keep the rules if a cure is to be effected. If I were only wealthy I would put aside a portion of my wealth to buy your medicine for poor asthmatical sufferers who could not afford to buy for themselves, so terrible do I know the affliction to be. My name is nothing in this vast world, but you are most certainly at liberty to use it if you think fit.
Thanking you, I am,
Yours gratefully,
(Sgd.) ANNIE RUTH MILLS (Miss).

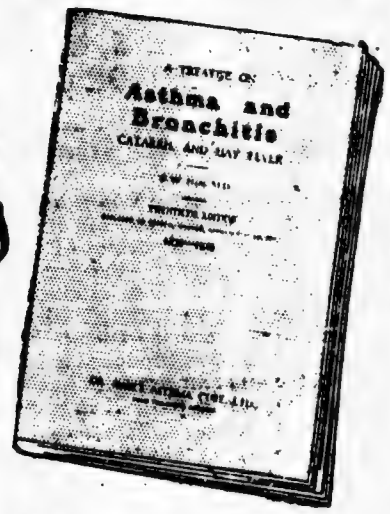
A DOCTOR'S THANKS.

"Thank you for your book on Asthma and allied diseases. Yours is a most marvellous discovery, and I send my hearty congratulations for the benefit not only to yourself but to humanity at large.
Yours very sincerely."
M.D., L.R.C.S.

ANOTHER WELL-KNOWN DOCTOR writes:

"Though it is not my practice to give testimonials to secret remedies, I consider that 'Hair's Asthma Cure' has been before the profession for so long that there is no objection to my adding my personal testimony to its efficacy in asthma and bronchitis.
Yours faithfully."
M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

Send for your copy of Dr Hair's FREE BOOK



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ASTHMA CURE
THE PROVED LIQUID CURE

Send at once, then, for Dr. Hair's free book and see how small is the trouble you need to take to become once again a healthy, happy individual.

Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure is obtainable at all Chemists and Stores at 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or sent direct, post free, from address in coupon.

FREE BOOK

To DR. HAIR'S ASTHMA CURE, LTD.
(Dept. 69), 104, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Please send me, free and post paid, Dr. Hair's 48-page Book on Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh and Hay Fever.

Name .....
(Mr., Mrs., Miss)
Address .....
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Post in an unsealed envelope for ½d. WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 7/4/34

By Appointment to H.M. the King

Health Sparkles in GOLDEN SHRED and SILVER SHRED

the WORLD'S BEST MARMALADES

A NEW DISCOVERY.

SYNTHETIC FINISH FOR PAINTING CYCLES, MOTOR-CYCLES & MOTOR CARS.

LIKE LIQUID GLASS.

At the great Robbialac Works a group of experts has been engaged for months on one of the most important discoveries of the Paint Industry—the use of new chemical resins in the production of paint. They have altered the very structure of the basic ingredients hitherto employed, and have produced a finishing material for amateur use with qualities so revolutionary as to place it in a class by itself.

This wonderful product is now offered to you as ROBBIALAC SYNTHETIC FINISH for repainting and retouching the paintwork of cycles, motor-cycles and motor cars.

It is easy to use and can be applied over metal, wood, old paintwork or even a cellulose finish without leaving signs of laps or ugly brushmarks. The film sets free from "tack" in four hours and dries over night with a surface as smooth as plate glass, as hard and flexible as Chinese lacquer and with the same vivid beauty. It shows a stubborn resistance to weather and is immune from the effects of petrol, grease, oil and mud.

If you would like to learn more about this remarkable product for painting cycles, motor-cycles and motor cars, send for leaflet and colour card, or if you would prefer to try it straight away, buy a tin from any cycle or car accessory dealer. They all sell it in 1/9, 3/- and 5/9 tins.

ROBBIALAC
SYNTHETIC FINISH
(Dept. H.6), Robbialac Works, Stratford, London, E.15.

WIZARDS who give us NEW FLOWERS

THE news that a new orchid has been produced as the result of seven years of supremely delicate work will not astound the expert horticulturist as much as it does the ordinary gardener.

Actually the wizards of the garden who make the new flowers grow, although practitioners of the oldest art in the world, keep pace so well with the times that they make more discoveries than the experts of that newest art—wireless.

Not a year elapses without some fifty new blooms, or varieties of blooms, being produced in this country alone—and hundreds of different developments of flowers that merit being called "inventions."

Last year thirty-two new types were added to the 6,000 different kinds of daffodils already listed—and when the first list was drawn up only ninety different kinds were known.

In the near future there will be flowers growing in English gardens—probably in your garden—of a type unknown to-day.

There will be the hush-hush flower of last year's Shrewsbury Show, which was displayed secretly to a few experts. This year it is to be shown to the public for the first time.

IT is a maidenhair, looking like riots of amethyst beads, so set in sprays of white fern that the whole resembles a peacock's tail. It will be quite the most colourful thing ever seen in a garden.

This freak was found accidentally in some quite unimportant seedlings in 1921. It was a sickly thing, probably because Nature never intended it to exist at all, but careful hands reared it as a life too precious to lose, and so propagated it that it has yielded healthy stock.

As a rule the expert's flower of yesterday is everybody's flower of to-morrow. Sweet peas that cost hundreds of pounds to produce a few years ago have already found their way into twopenny packets. But it will not be so with this gorgeous creation.

Due to the fact that it is reproduced by division and not from seeds, so that the number can only treble itself each year, even with good luck, it will be a long time before it is available to everybody.

Then there should be black roses in that garden of five years' time. The experts have been seeking them for generations—and now they are within sight.

There is some rivalry between Germany and Britain as to who shall produce the first—rivalry as keen as that of an Olympic Games tournament.

They have a type in the National Rose Society's trial garden that you would call "perfectly black" if it were not for the thinnest and faintest trace of purple at the base of the petal.

But will it be the first to be *all*-black? One tree at the famous Rosarium at Sangerhausen, near Leipzig, is said to produce roses that are 99¾ per cent. black.

WE in England haven't seen them yet, but if it is true, as report says, that they have a scent that beats the old musk rose both in fragrance and subtlety, the women of the world seem to be in for a floral treat that their grandmothers never knew.

Many more brand-new flowers are here or on the way—will be here most certainly for that garden of five years hence.

There will be pigmy asters probably little bigger than a field daisy. Already, by dint of hard and clever work, British horticulturists have bred them down to such tiny dimensions that the complete plant is only nine inches high—and they are getting them smaller every year.

There will be "bachelor's buttons," too. You won't recognise them at first as the ordinary "he loves me; he loves me not" daisy with its petals bred out of it—but such they are.

"Rose Nigrette"—it's almost black and soon it may be blooming in your garden

And the new scent they have acquired in the process will also add to the deception.

There should be a new type of mignonette, too, thanks to a miner-botanist, William Mills, who carries out his experiments a quarter of a mile deep down his Northumberland mine.

Some of our best types of flowers have been evolved by miners, often on slag heaps—but none so interesting as this coal-mine creation.

MILLS actually leaves his davy lamp down the mine at night, or whenever he works at the coal face, so that the tender growth, which he is rearing on cellar clay he carried down with him, has the benefit of its fitful ray.

These and many more new flowers will be in gardens everywhere in a few years' time.

But what is more interesting is the fact that they will have as companions flowers once popular but which have since died out.

Reviving defunct types is a new and interesting branch of the work of horticulturists.

One of the favourite flowers of Shakespeare was the striped gilliflower. He referred to it twice in his writings. Then it died out.

In the last two or three years it has been revived as the Border Flake—a beautiful mauve blossom with heavy streaks of crimson and that all-pervading smell of clove—reminiscent of an old English border—that used to inspire our greatest bard.

Another interesting revival is a pale pink chrysanthemum of exquisite lines. It was shown for the first time last year.

That is, it was shown last year *for the first time for centuries.* Actually the seed from which it sprang must have laid dormant for generations, for it grew up suddenly to the surprise of everybody at Carrow Abbey, Norfolk, a descendant of the stock of nuns long dead.

A line about these revivals. They are always taking place to the surprise of gardeners.

When the German guns blew up High Wood on the Somme they stirred into life growths of flowers for which the district used to be famous hundreds of years ago, but which hadn't been seen there in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

And a Swedish botanist is actually producing delicate white pea flowers from seeds found in the grave of Tutankhamen—weakly plants, still, but destined to become sturdy, everyday growths which fashionable women will be wearing in modern cities in a few years' time.

OUR horticulturists are not standing still. Certainly those of our own country are not

Although France produced the first carnation in 1850, and it went to America and stayed there for fifty years, we started to experiment in 1905, and have since beaten the world with it.

Our newest type—"tangerine, mottled light pink and country girl's cheek"—is what one enthusiastic woman described as "swooningly pretty."

Strange things we have done to flowers—and stranger things still are possible of achievement.

Already our botanists are playing tricks with orchids that men risked their lives to get, and cacti worshipped as sacred in certain parts of the world, and fly-trap plants that grab insects, suck their blood and then disgorge the carcases.

Many of them have been made to grow in England. Soon they will probably be as much at home in English soil as primroses and violets are to-day.

And so our gardens will go on changing until, in fifty years' time . . .

Well, some of the experts say that by then we shall ask our horticulturists to bring back the flowers we used to know and love.

And they'll be able to do it, anyhow.

JOHN BULL has planned a sensational surprise for all its readers and their friends. Full details will be announced next week. Look out!

7 kinds of stains discolour teeth—

Colgate's removes all seven.

From soup to sweets — from wine to coffee, everything you eat and drink leaves some kind of stain on your teeth. Yes, even the simplest foods. White bread, for example, can eventually cause a stain that dulls teeth. All told, seven kinds of stains discolour teeth.

Most toothpastes—because they have only one cleansing action—fail to remove all these stains. For all stains will not yield to any one cleansing action.

So it may be that you're not getting your teeth as lustrously clean and sparkling as they can be.

Try Colgate's. All seven stains yield to Colgate's—completely yield—because Colgate's has TWO cleansing actions—not one.

An *emulsive* action loosens some of the stains and washes them away. A safe, gentle, *polishing* action polishes away the more stubborn stains, leaving your teeth bright, gleaming—beautifully clean.

THE 7 CAUSES OF STAINS THAT DISCOLOUR TEETH

1. Meats and other proteins.
2. Starchy foods.
3. Vegetables.
4. Sweets.
5. Fruits.
6. Beverages.
7. Tobacco smoke.

MADE IN ENGLAND

"What! Out and about already"

"You've made a quick recovery"

A quick recovery from influenza or a chill is helped by the strengthening and restorative diet which Robinson's 'Patent' Barley and Robinson's 'Patent' Groats provide.

ROBINSON'S

"PATENT"

Write to-day for a free copy of the booklet containing thirty-three original recipes for varying an invalid diet.

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SMOKE St. BRUNO

It's a Man's Tobacco

FENNINGS' LUNG HEALERS

70 YEARS REPUTATION

FOR COUGHS . . .
COLDS . . .
BRONCHITIS

They assist the lungs to throw off all irritating matter and to regain health and vigour.

A COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK" AND OF "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR" WILL BE SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION TO:
ALFRED FENNINGS, Cowes, I.W.

SOLD IN BOXES AT 1/3 & 3/-

What Made His HAIR GROW?

Read His Letter for the Answer.

"Two years ago I was bald all over the top of my head.

"I felt ashamed for people to see my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald until I used Kotalko.

"New hair came almost immediately and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair which has been perfect ever since and no return of the baldness."

This verified statement is by Mr. H. A. Wild. He is but one of the big legion of users of KOTALKO who voluntarily attest it has stopped falling hair, eliminated dandruff, or aided new, luxuriant hair growths.

The secret lies in the use of extracts of certain rare herbal and other potent ingredients from the Three Kingdoms of Nature. These have remarkable action upon the hair glands and frequently induce a profuse hair growth upon bald heads that have hitherto resisted every attempt to induce new hair.

Test-Box Coupon

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd.,
9, Percy Street (S2.V), London, W.1.

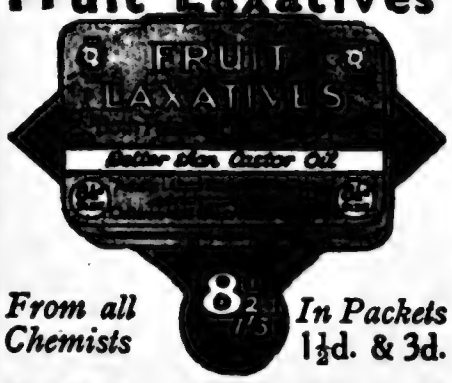
Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

"SURE SHIELD" BRAND Fruit Laxatives



From all Chemists — *In Packets 1½d. & 3d.*

TRAIN the SYSTEM to FUNCTION at REGULAR and NORMAL "TIMES"

There is no Laxative so Effective, Safe and Gentle

It is one thing to have had a reputation. It is another thing to have maintained it for a quarter of a century.

REMEMBER—You can always be sure of "SURE SHIELD" BRAND

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of disputes the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

ENTIRELY FREE NO WAITING!

FREE STOCK £100 in PRIZES BIG PROFITS A GUARANTEED CERTAINTY A REGULAR INCOME

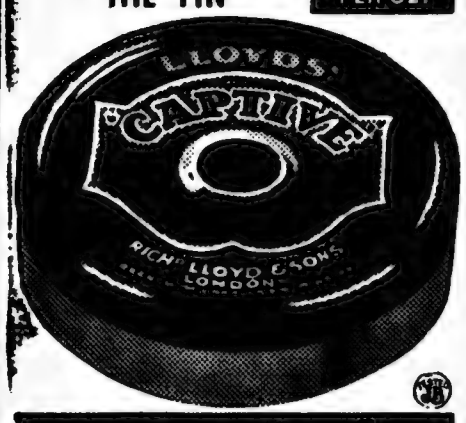
If you want more cash for the Holidays—Money for Clothes—Amusements and expenses, then write to me to-day. I'll send you a Free Gift value 25/—Pay you Big Commissions and give you a share of profits plus £100 in Cash Prizes. No Capital or Experience required. Write to me to-day—There's money waiting for you.
LD/321, "BARTOR," Derby Street, Manchester, 8.

Smoke FRESH TOBACCO FROM THE VACUUM TIN

"LLOYDS' "CAPTIVE" FLAKE

ALL THE RICH NATURAL FLAVOUR IS SEALED IN THE TIN

9d PER OZ.



The "perfect pack"

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.) 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

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LETTER COMMISSIONS

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THE BIG TWO

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Daily Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race WILL BE ON at FULL STARTING PRICE (or Totalisator Odds if desired) in accordance with rules. *Registered letters must be posted overnight.*

NO LIMIT—WIN OR PLACE

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A FREE COPY OF THE "BIG TWO"

SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

IS SENT TO EVERY CLIENT

"Page after page of valuable information of the greatest use to every sportsman."—*Sunday Chronicle.*

"The most handy sporting information book I have ever handled."—*Everybody's Weekly.*

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Our Most Precious LIBERTY

by

JOHN BULL

Letter Parliament Contributors

MOST precious of all is the right to live; in this country human life is sacred. No matter how old and dotard we may have become, no one can openly put us out, and "get away with it."

No matter how low we may have fallen, or how great a nuisance we may have become to ordinary people, unless we have committed murder, no one is allowed to make an end of us without paying the penalty.

To my mind this right to live as long as Nature lets us is a liberty to be very jealously guarded.—*"Would-Be Centenarian," Edinburgh.*

Liberty of Conscience

Surely liberty of conscience is the most precious liberty, ours since the ugly years of the Reformation. One can be the most critical atheist, and yet go into our cathedrals, churches, or monasteries, appreciating their beauties, and yet be free from molestation, because they happen to be unbelievers.

Every town and village has its several different sects, yet one does not interfere with the other. Under an old law, we are liable to be punished for not attending church, but liberty is triumphant, and we still go where we will, unhampered by this almost forgotten statute.—*F. G. H., Horsham.*

Emblem of Freedom

The liberty to wear one's own choice in shirts! True—mine's lacking lustre, cuffs frayed, and boasts patches on the elbows.

But, in a world where pink, red, black, even mosaic immaculate shirts are a growing vogue, I regard mine as an emblem of freedom, a symbol of tolerance, and that sterling "Think it out for yourself" characteristic which is the hall-mark of free and independent citizenship everywhere.—*"Frank," Sherwood.*

Free Speech

Free speech is the birthright of every Briton, and is our most precious liberty. Hyde Park on Sundays will ably demonstrate this fact.

No matter how bigoted a man may be, he is allowed to air his views. He may decry the Parliamentary system; he may denounce any religion; he may make caustic and cynical comments about any public figure or institution, yet providing he does not create a disturbance, the police will not interfere.

In no other country is free speech allowed to the same extent as it is in England.—*C. R., Regent's Park.*

Secret Vote

When one considers the many political restrictions that are imposed in foreign countries it is refreshing to realise that the secrecy of the ballot-box in this country still remains inviolate.

Whatever other restrictions there may be, this stands out unimpaired in its freedom as our most precious liberty.—*D. R., London.*

Day of Rest

Our "day of rest," however it may be spent or on whichever day of the week it falls, is undoubtedly our most precious liberty. Even the housewife whose "work is never done" makes this day a holiday.

This relief from normal routine is one of our most appreciated privileges.—*M. H., S.W.*

No "Tommy Shops"

A miner's wife, my shopping basket is proof of precious liberty; I buy what and where I like.

It wasn't always thus. A hundred years ago my grandmother had to spend her husband's wages at the "Tommy shop" kept by a pit official. Refusal meant her husband's dismissal.

Lean times lighten our baskets. But, even in the empty "carrier" there is, for those who've the vision to see, a little goddess reminding one of the passing of the Truck Acts—the Housewives' Charter of Freedom.—*"Mrs. F. E. C.," Sherwood.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, April 10.

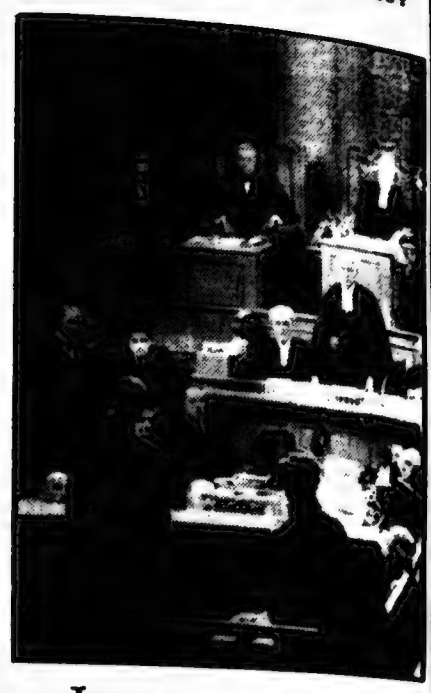
When I Hated Myself Most

Partner of Choice

To be able to marry whom one wishes. In these democratic days we can choose our life partner and not be subjected to the degradation of having him or her chosen by our families.

There can be no more precious liberty than to woo and be wooed where one wills, for a partner of one's own choice will always be more dearly loved.

Burdens and disappointments will be easier to bear, and pleasures and triumphs will be the greater for having a loved and trusted partner with whom to share them.—*O. W., Ewell.*



Innocent, Until—

That a person charged with an offence against the law is deemed innocent until proved guilty is a very precious liberty enjoyed by the British Nation.

In some countries the position is reversed, and the onus of proving innocence is thrown on the defendant.

The fairness and impartiality of our judges is an example to the world, and every liberty is accorded to a prisoner in preparing his defence.—*L. M., Southall.*

Shows Character

Leisure. How to find it and how to use it make up life. A man's ideas of what leisure is and what it is for is an infallible guide to character. It is this that makes it priceless.

Leisure and its proper use is the root of freedom. Without it there is no freedom, and improperly used it circumscribes the freedom of others.

Leisure is the opportunity to make use of and to develop the best that is in us. It is our most precious liberty because it asks most of our higher nature.—*D. N., Derbyshire.*

Makes Careers

Surely it is the right to decide whether or not we should enter the Fighting Forces.

Conscription, where it is in force, is detrimental to all. Our Forces are the finest in the world, simply because service is voluntary.

Compulsory service breaks many careers, but, given voluntarily, it tends rather to make them. When a man picks a job, he tries to be a success, putting heart and soul into his work; but when forced into it, he does it with a "fed up" demeanour from the start.—*H. V. D., Birmingham.*

The Open Road

"I travel the road, who cares?"

That is my most precious liberty—freedom to enjoy the "heav'n above and the byway nigh me."

Unrestricted by any human ties, my only master, the weather, there is none to prevent me from being a "gentleman of the road."—*M. G., S.W.17.*

Free to Read

We are free to read what we like, because the supply of reading matter is equal to the demand. Familiarity of this fact makes us contemptuous, and an appreciative thought for men like Caxton and Gutenberg is the exception and not the rule.

To-day for a few coppers we can procure some of the most interesting and educative journals in the world.

British liberties could never have been won and preserved had men not been able to set forth their rights in print, so that all might know them and stand fast in their defence.—*G. W., Glamorgan.*

* * *

Domestic servants, having only every other Sunday out, live the two weeks looking forward to the few hours of very precious liberty.—*E. S., Cheshire.*

Very few of us realise and appreciate the most precious liberty we enjoy, that of having the use of our legs and feet.—*E. H., Birmingham.*

Authority would number our homes like cells of felons are numbered. Hands off John Citizen's right to choose the name he pleases for his "castle." It is a most precious liberty in these colourless days of standardisation.—*T. I. J., Rhyl.*

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches played on April 7

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) DERBY COUNTY v. Hotspur.
(2) Arsenal v. Huddersfield.
**(3) W.B. ALBION v. Liverpool.
(4) CHELSEA v. Birmingham.
(5) EVERTON v. Stoke.
(6) Leeds v. Leicester.
(7) Manchester C. v. Portsmouth.
(8) Middlesbrough v. WOLVERHAMPTON.
(9) Newcastle v. ASTON VILLA.
(10) WEDNESDAY v. Sunderland.
*(11) BLACKBURN v. Sheffield United.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) HULL CITY v. Grimsby.
(2) Notts County v. BRENTFORD.
**(3) SWANSEA v. Burnley.
(4) BLACKPOOL v. Plymouth.
*(5) BRADFORD C. v. Manchester U.
(6) Bury v. Bradford.
(7) FULHAM v. Forest.
(8) Lincoln v. PRESTON.
(9) MILLWALL v. Oldham.
(10) Port Vale v. Bolton.
*(11) SOUTHAMPTON v. West Ham.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

**(1) NORWICH v. Watford.
(2) Q.P. RANGERS v. Coventry.
(3) TORQUAY v. Southend.
(4) ALDERSHOT v. Gillingham.
(5) BRIGHTON v. Exeter.
(6) Bristol C. v. Charlton.
*(7) ORIENT v. Boscombe.
(8) LUTON v. C. Palace.
(9) NORTHAMPTON v. Bristol Rovers.
(10) Newport v. READING.
*(11) SWINDON v. Cardiff.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) Chester v. CHESTERFIELD.
**(2) STOCKPORT v. Mansfield.
(3) YORK CITY v. Accrington.
(4) BARROW v. Tranmere.
(5) Carlisle v. Barnsley.
(6) Crewe v. WREXHAM.
**(7) DONCASTER v. Rochdale.
(8) HALIFAX v. Hartlepools.
(9) N. BRIGHTON v. Southport.
(10) Rotherham v. Darlington.
*(11) WALSALL v. Gateshead.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) Queen's Park v. St. Johnstone.
**(2) MOTHERWELL v. Third Lanark.
(3) QUEEN OF SOUTH v. Hamilton.
(4) Airdrie v. CELTIC.
(5) Ayr United v. Hibernian.
(6) Clyde v. Falkirk.
(7) COWDENBEATH v. St. Mirren.
(8) HEARTS v. Kilmarnock.
(9) PARTICK v. Dundee.
(10) Rangers v. Aberdeen.

Probable winners are set in capitals. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—3 (*H*); Div. II.—6 (*A*); Southern Section—1 (*H*); Northern Section—1 (*A*); Scottish League—2 (*H*) would indicate W.B. Albion, Preston, Norwich, Chesterfield and Motherwell.

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

NO MORE GASTRITIS, ACIDITY and PAIN AFTER EATING

The World's Best Remedy for Digestive Troubles

YOU need not suffer a Single Day longer from Mealtime Discomfort. Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastritis, or Gastric Catarrh, Wind, Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by Shadforth Acidity Tablets (No. 1077). Popularly known as "White Lions."

Why restrict yourself to a narrow diet? Eat in moderation and enjoy your favourite dishes without unpleasant after-effects. This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. Ask for "White Lions." A Trial will convince you and make your mealtimes happier!

Price 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 Lions), with directions.
POSITIVELY—The Finest Remedy for Indigestion!

★ A SPECIAL OFFER TO "JOHN BULL" READERS.

Shadforth prescriptions relieve suffering and shatter the fetters of ill-health. Scores of happy people have, for half a century, remembered with gratitude the relief which these prescriptions have given to them and to commemorate the firm's 50th anniversary Mr. Shadforth offers every "John Bull" reader, FREE of charge, a copy of the Shadforth Book of Prescriptions No. A209 (1934 Edition—published at 2/6) with every order for any of the prescriptions published on this page. Simply attach and send the coupon below with your order.

LIVER and KIDNEY AILMENTS

QUICK RELIEF AND COMFORT.

Kidney and Bladder Troubles, such as Cystitis, Prostatitis, Stricture, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the **Shadforth "Bladder Comforter."** Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief. **Ask for Shadforth Prescription. No. 288.** Prices: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300).

RHEUMATISM

ACUTE GOUT, ARTHRITIS, SWOLLEN JOINTS.

For all Uric Acid Troubles, including Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatoid Arthritis, Swollen Joints, and Acute Gout, a world-famed remedy is found in the **"Shadforth" Three-fold Treatment (No. 74/T).** It promptly reduces swelling and inflammation; it reduces pain and expels uric acid; it kills bacteria in the blood and makes movement a pleasure. The treatment is second to none for Acute Gout. Supplied with full directions at **2/6** and **5/6 (No. 74/T).**

WOMEN OVER FORTY NEED THIS TONIC

WOMAN'S MIDDLE LIFE TONIC.

Just the thing to get through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves, and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Gives courage, hope, and new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anæmic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 2,457**—the critical time tonic. In boxes at **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144), and **13/-** (432 pills).

THIS COUPON ENTITLES YOU TO 2/6 BOOK

★ FREE

with every order and for a limited period only.

Mr. Shadforth's Book of Prescriptions.

Published at 2/6

Containing 96 pages packed with valuable medical information and hundreds of prescriptions written in plain English. A Book every one ought to possess.

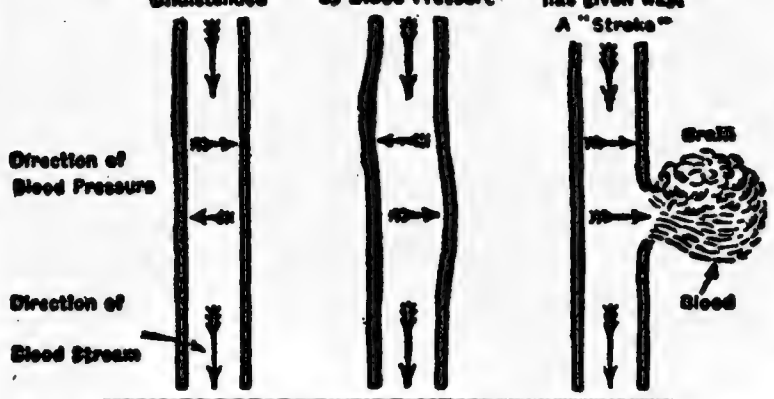
No. A.209, 1934 Edition.

Shadforth customers in possession of the older Edition are invited to obtain the new one while supplies are available.

These advertised prescriptions may be obtained direct from us, or from any chemist. If purchasing from chemist send receipt for medicines, together with this coupon, and the book will be forwarded post free by return.

John Bull, April 7, 1934.

LOWER YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE



HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE MEANS HIGH RISKS!

Here is a treatment which will lower it, and keep it reasonably low. It is **vitally important** to keep your arteries young, **especially if you are over 40 years of age.** Steady heart action coordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! The **"Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment** rapidly **reduces high blood pressure** and tension. It gives prompt relief from **palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness**; it leads to restoration and makes you feel years younger within 20 days. **Get it now. Prescription No. 1103/T.** Prices: **2/6, 5/6, 15/6.**

Healthy Heart, Hearty Health.

HEART TROUBLE

PRESCRIPTION THAT WILL GIVE YOUR HEART A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic No. 632** (known as "Blue Lion" Fox Nuts) will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. **Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 632.** Prices: **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144), **13/-** (432 pills). This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, rundown conditions, and stops your falling to pieces feeling.

Can be taken alternately with No. 470 (Brain Sparklers). (See opposite.)

You can obtain all the above from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Army and Navy Stores, Civil Service Stores, Gamages, Harrods, Selfridges and leading chemists, or

Privately packed and post free by return post at above prices (abroad extra)

SHADFORTH

PRESCRIPTION SERVICE LTD., Dispensing Chemists

(Dept. J.B. 109), 49, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4

and Branches.

SPRING COUGHS and COLDS

The New Chest and Lung Syrup.

One of the latest products of the Shadforth Laboratories, prescribed for Spring colds, coughs, and chest troubles in adults when asthma and bronchitis are absent.

Gives quick relief and comfort, promotes restful nights; good for aged patients.

When mixed with sugar and water as directed, makes 2 pints of the World's Best Chest and Lung Tonic. **Shadforth Prescription No. 617.** Price: 3/- per bottle.

USE THIS SOOTHING, WARMING LUNG TONIC AND STOP THAT COUGH!

MOTHER! Do you know

that operations on children for Enlarged TONSILS and ADENOIDS can be avoided?

A well-known English doctor has drawn up a most successful treatment which can be carried out easily at home. It is causing a sensation in the medical world, and is claimed to be one of the most important recent advances in medicine. This bloodless treatment, which has saved hundreds of operations, is specially dispensed with full directions for 7/6. Ask for the **Shadforth Treatment for Enlarged Tonsils and Adenoids (No. 331/TAD). Septic Tonsils and Nasal obstructions in adults** are also conquered without operation, pain, or loss of blood.

DEPRESSION

DON'T ALLOW THOSE

FITS OF THE BLUES

to cloud the sunshine out of your life—it's too risky. Exert your moral energy and pull yourself together before your mind is unbalanced.

Brain and Nerve tonics such as phosphorus, lecithin and nux vomica, together with vegetable "bitters," will certainly help you. Doctors now prescribe these in the form of **Shadforth Brand "Brain Sparklers" (Prescription No. 470).** These are magic pellets which cure Depression, Brain Fag, Loss of Memory, Debility, Neurasthenia, and banish the "blues," strain on the brain, and lassitude. They are the best tonic after influenza or other illness and in changeable weather. Prescribed for all brain workers.

Prices: **1/9** (25), **3/3** (50), **6/-** (100).

Can be taken alternately with the Heart Tonic (No. 632). That is to say, take No. 470 for a few days and then No. 632 for a few days, and so on. *(See No. 632 adjoining.)*

THE MIGHTY MODERN TONIC FOR BRAIN AND NERVES

NASAL CATARRH

is not a trifling matter

It is often the first step to **Chronic Bronchitis and Cough, Adenoids, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.**

You can prevent all this by the prompt use of the **"Shadforth Triplex Catarrh Treatment,"** which has literally worked wonders in thousands of cases. It will give you immediate relief and comfort. Ask for **Prescription No. 331/T.** Prices: **2/6, 4/6, 8/6.** Considering its efficacy and how often it will save a man from being "laid-up" for days and weeks, the cost of this famous and reliable remedy is very small.

Who wants this Giant Prize?

£2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE ...and £600

OR ONE HUGE LUMP SUM OF £1,000 CASH

WIN JOHN BULL'S PENSION AND FORTUNE FOR THIS X-WORD

£100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP

EXTRA £100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP FROM WHOM WE RECEIVED TWO 6d. ENTRIES IN SAME ENVELOPE

255

OUR present series of weekly Life Pensions, each with a huge cheque, comes to an end this week. Make the most of your last opportunity this season to secure for solving an amusing puzzle the endless benefits of a Pension of £2 a week for life and £600 in cash.

If you prefer a staggering four-figure fortune instead of this 2-in-1 prize, a cheque for £1,000 will be paid. And a further £200 will be received by Runners-up as detailed above.

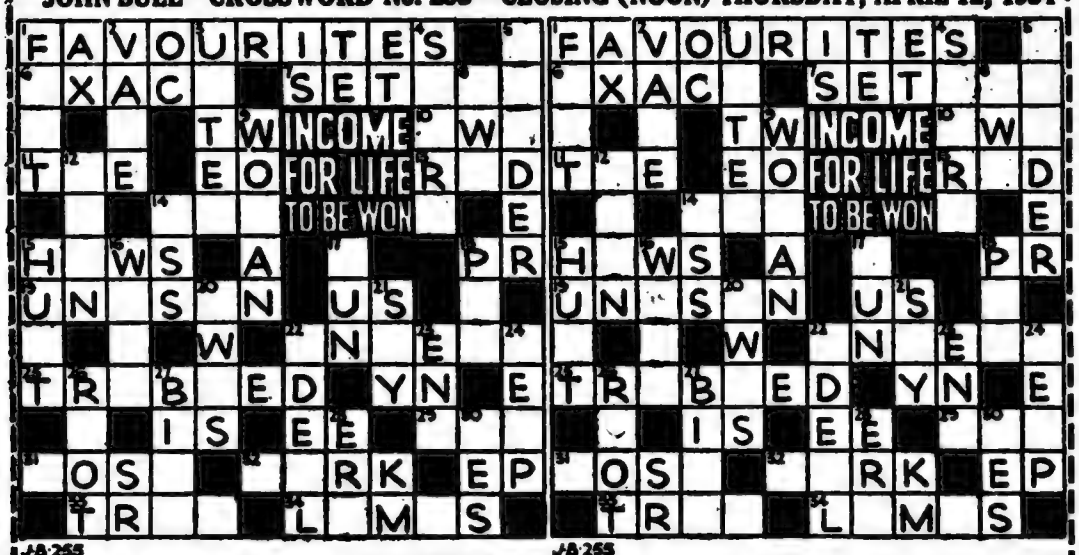
WINNERS' WIRES

Winner or sharers of First Prize will receive telegram seven days after closing date.

Get busy on your squares to-night, see that they are in by Thursday, April 12, and you will be all ready for our record-breaking Crossword Contest to be launched in next week's issue.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £2 a week and £600 Cash (or a lump sum of £1,000) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 19, 1934, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 26.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 255—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1934



J.B.255

J.B.255

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No. .....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

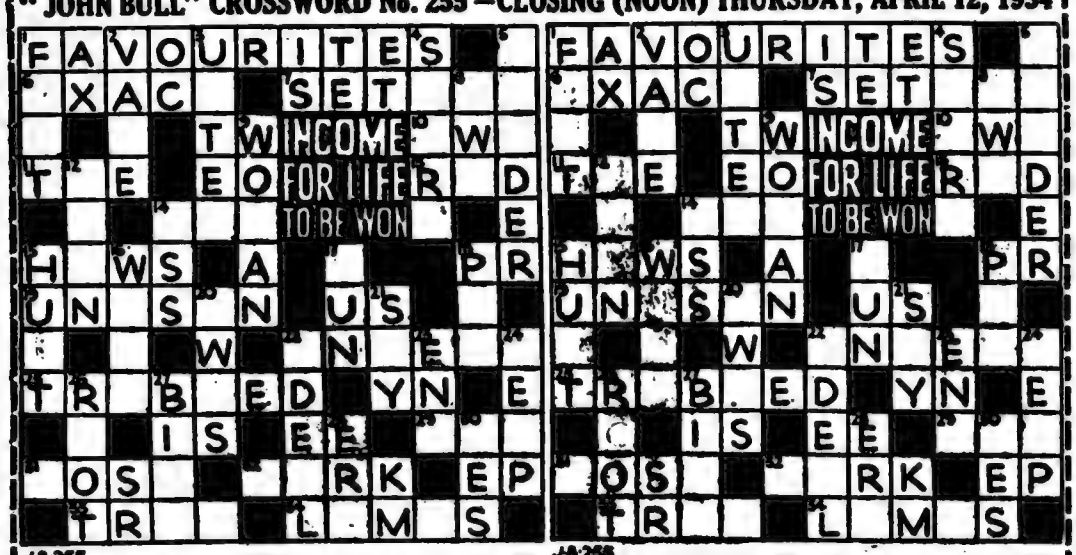
SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 255—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1934



J.B.255

J.B.255

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No. .....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

If entering two Coupons, each containing two Squares, cut coupons out separately and add name and address to each.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for 6d. With four squares send P.O. for 1/- See Rule 1.

ADDRESS ENTRY "JOHN BULL," CROSSWORD No. 255, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 253.

J.B.253

Winners in X-Word No. 252 appear on Page 2. The solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 253 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Are often beaten by outsiders
6. Strictly accurate
7. Kind of sofa
10. Be the possessor of
11. Part of your foot
13. Signal of danger
14. Useful limb
15. Hewer does this
19. Voices are clearly heard in
22. Fix the mind upon
25. Multiplied by three
29. Colouring fluid
31. Hardest worker should get this
32. Where tree is often damaged
33. Absence of water may ruin it
34. Some of these need constant attention

DOWN

1. Acrobat's safety depends on
2. One expects to see water in this
3. Say something
4. Big one makes splash in the papers
5. Coal is often seen in this
8. Female sheep
9. Opposite of "man"
12. Where heat can be overpowering
14. Enjoys eating thistles
15. Often cause of outcry
16. Comforts one when life seems dreary
17. Frightens those in a bank
18. Witty writer makes good use of this
20. Wise old birds
21. Where pie is seen
22. Describes home she dreams about
23. Finish
24. Not shallow
26. Is spread by shooting
27. What fierce dog may do
28. Number of years
30. What woman's "no" may mean

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON Thursday, April 12.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 26. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, May 8, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should First Prize be shared £1,000 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

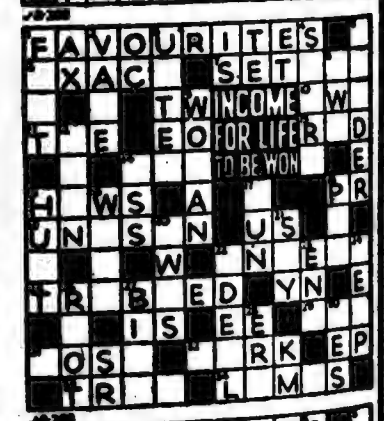
NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.

J.B.255

J.B.255



J.B.255

J.B.255

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

£10 WEEKLY FOR LIFE!

Record X-Word Pension Next Week

The Editor Laughs Last

A. T. (Worthing).—"A man objects to listening to girls talking about their boy friends and the latest fashions." Especially when he's waiting to buy a stamp and the last post is about to leave

SAM (Roxeth).—"It's no use complaining about this world." Quite so. None of us will get out of it alive.

Mrs. T. L. (Sutton).—"I run a beauty parlour." Then your business is always improving.

Fancier (Edinburgh).—"Birds fill the home with sweet music." What about the stork?

A. D. S. (Liverpool).—"Who first invented the word 'retroussé'?" Somebody with a snub nose, we imagine.

Sport (West Ham).—"I hope to recover my fortunes with my greyhounds." You will make your greyhounds into retrievers.

H. K. S. (Rotherham).—"Clothes do not make the man." Unless he chances to be a tailor.

Mrs. K. de K. (Mayfair).—"I'm quite exhausted. I've been at the wheel all day." Mangling?

G. B. (Leigh-on-Sea).—"The ice wasn't thick enough to skate on." The cold snap proved a frost.

I. B. (Balham).—"I can supply an orchestra of from four to twelve performers." An elastic band?

S. B. (Framlingham).—"Musical people seldom drink." Their lives are one long refrain.

W. C. D. (Bath).—"My wife calls me a lobster." Do you go red when you find yourself in hot water?

G. H. (Yarmouth).—"I have just retired with a comfortable income . . . and I started life without even a pair of shoes." Everyone does that.

W. S. (Hampstead).—"Some business men wear horn-rimmed spectacles for appearances' sake, but I see through them." So, of course, do they.

T. B. (Wivenhoe).—"Rooks use between 140 and 150 twigs in building a nest." Maybe; but why will the noisy beggars keep counting them aloud?

L. B. (Manchester).—"The water here is harder than in most places." Well, it always rains harder there than in most places.

J. C. (Long Acre).—"My wife's having a great time on a Mediterranean cruise." And writes you from every port she touches, touching you from every port she writes from?

Fred (Southampton).—"During her spring-cleaning my wife refused to cook a single meal for me." To most husbands, however, spring-cleaning offers no compensations whatever.

Scientist (Glasgow).—"Would you believe that a blow from a sheet of paper would be severe enough to stun a man?" Yes, if it contained a summons to appear in court for non-payment of income-tax.

Producer (West End).—"I am advertising for ten really beautiful chorus girls for my new show." Doubtless each candidate is wondering where you will find the other nine.

Scientist (London, W.).—"I want to descend 100 miles below the surface of the earth." Personally, we would just sneak out for a long walk and let the wife discover the ink-stain on her carpet in our absence.

Bill (Falkirk).—"I am a big man at meetings." Thrower-out?

Farmer (Dorking).—"Some people can never milk a cow." Beyond the pail.

T. B. (Sawston).—"Lunatics are fond of jig-saw puzzles." A fitting pastime?

H. S. (Romford).—"Over a doorway, how should a horseshoe be hung up?" Safely.

Dad (Grantham).—"A woman's point of view of a man is always worth having." It is always given.

Farmer (Halesowen).—"What do you think I'm raising on my farm now?" The mortgage.

C. F. (Leicester).—"My dog can actually tell the time." A good watch-dog, in fact.

B. B. (Liskeard).—"How do scientists know when there's to be an eclipse?" They read the papers like the rest of us.

S. D. (Walsall).—"It takes a hero to defend any bridge." But his wife's bridge most of all.

H. C. (Hull).—"My father is still cycling to work every day at 70." Some speed!

C. F. E. (Barnstaple).—"Police traps for motorists have been brought to a fine art." Fine is right!

Curious (Windermere).—"How does a steeplejack descend a tall factory chimney?" From top to bottom.

Bill (Hendon).—"I have stuck to the same park seat regularly for twenty-five years." Try to remember it's painted each spring.

George (Alloa).—"When a fellow gives a girl a ring worth about £30 he expects some credit for it." From the girl or the jeweller?

Athlete (Ripon).—"I think a whistle is better than a pistol to start a race." But it wouldn't give the runners such a start.

Ethel (Torrington).—"I was with my fiancé waiting for the kettle to boil. It took a very long time." Perhaps you had turned down the gas.

Six-Footer (Loughton).—"It is very difficult to get into the ranks of the Metropolitan Police nowadays." Certainly it is much easier to get into their hands.

Suburbanite (Surbiton).—"You've got to be mustard to get on our train in the morning." Then you have to become sandwiched.

E. P. (Brighton).—"I can always be found in bed at eleven o'clock every morning. Can you guess why that is?" Because you haven't got up.

T. M. (Henley).—"Although I stood in the same place as last year, it cost me two-and-six instead of a shilling to watch the boat race." Evidently the bank rate is up.

R. E. (Hampstead).—"Although I work at the G.P.O., I run a small poultry farm in my spare time." Have you requested your hens to lay their Easter eggs early to avoid the rush?

F. M. (Ealing).—"What Londoner is not excited at the first glimpse of the scurrying white flakes drifting down?" Especially if they are plaster flakes from his ceiling dislodged by the children playing leap-frog in the flat above?

C. B. (Caxton).—"While sitting out of doors a strange bird came and perched on my head." Maybe a woodpecker?

Exporter (Stratford).—"The latest Japanese trade trick to be exposed concerns soap." It wouldn't wash.

Cushy (Wednesbury).—"I get a fiver a week, but do nothing—nothing at all." How do you know when you've finished?

G. B. (Barnwell).—"Can you imagine what my hot-house tulips look like?" Tulips.

A. B. (Birmingham).—"A gentleman can be recognised at a glance." But not if he doesn't recognise you.

N. L. (Highgate).—"There is now a correspondence course in cocktail-mixing." Reading for the bar.

H. S. (Cranford).—"The average tradesman judges his customers by their homes." Painters certainly size people's houses up.

E. S. (Hampstead).—"I have moved nine times in the last two years." We have never taken chess quite as seriously as that.

F. K. (Winchester).—"Bald men usually have good manners." They show their polish especially, of course, when they raise their hats.

Dennis (Accrington).—"A bomb was thrown at a witness during the hearing of a lawsuit in Mexico." Then the court rose?

Cutter (Luton).—"The flannels worn this year will be of a darker shade from those of last year." The dyers will be having a busy time, then.

Owner-Driver (Felixstowe).—"What strikes me about this year's cars is the roominess of them." Last year, we suppose, it was the lack of room that struck you when you got into one.

Nature (Sidcup).—"The more use the rodent makes of his chisel-like teeth, the sharper the chisel-like edge becomes." Compares favourably with a woman's tongue.

A. B. C. (London).—"We have two particular bright lads who are carving out careers for themselves." Our office boy is a third specimen; he carves out chunks from his desk.

D. G. (Dorking).—"What is the grandest sight in the world?" A telegraph boy at your door on Friday, April 27. His message may say you've won that £12 weekly for life which is finally offered on page 38.

Plumber (Derby).—"There is absolutely no danger of a bathroom geyser exploding and striking the user." No, it's generally the user who explodes and strikes the geyser.

P. M. (Musselburgh).—"A wireless lecturer who was recently kidnapped in America is said to have gone quietly with his captors." The foolish fellow evidently thought that somebody would pay a ransom for his release.

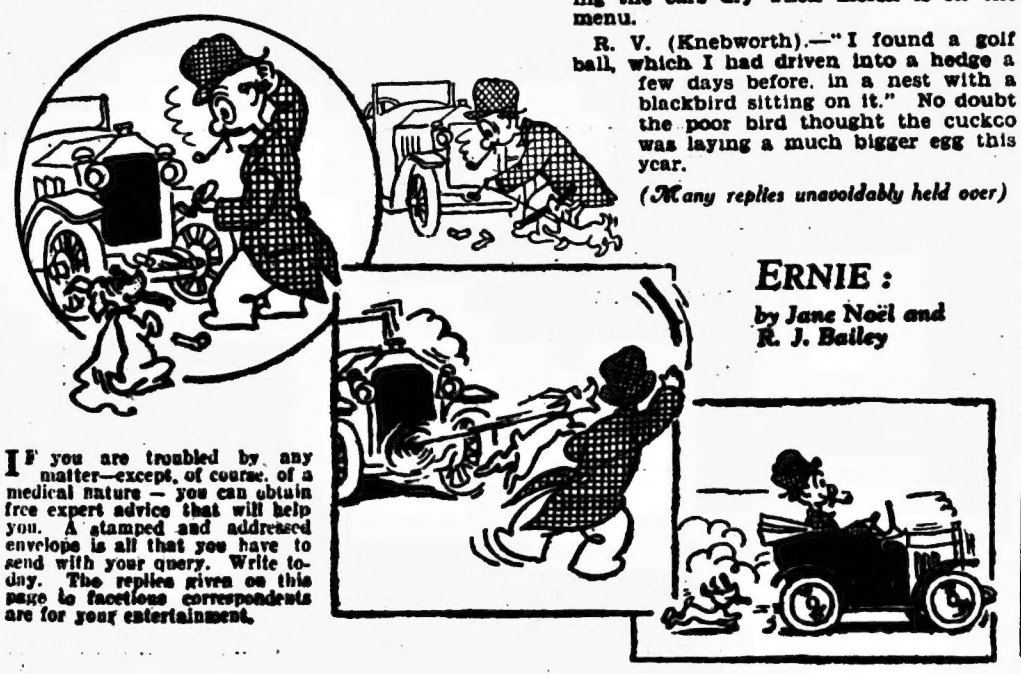
W. A. (Bungay).—"Is it true that sailors think it means bad luck if there is a very fat man on board." We do not know, but they certainly do give him a wide berth.

G. F. (Bayswater).—"After my first lesson my riding master said it was obvious I loved horses." Did you finish up with both arms clasped tightly round the animal's neck?

R. D. (Dover).—"Members of a certain American sect always eat with their hats on." The old-fashioned deerstalker cap with flaps must be very useful for keeping the ears dry when melon is on the menu.

R. V. (Knebworth).—"I found a golf ball, which I had driven into a hedge a few days before, in a nest with a blackbird sitting on it." No doubt the poor bird thought the cuckoo was laying a much bigger egg this year.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)



ERNIE:

by Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write today. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

THE STOMACH REMEDY with over 20 YEARS' PROOF of EFFICACY

Doctors and Nurses the World over will tell you that 'BISURATED' MAGNESIA NEVER FAILS TO REMOVE INDIGESTION and all STOMACH TROUBLES

Here is another letter which serves to prove you can easily and quickly get permanent relief from the pain and agony caused by faulty digestion. It has a story to tell of an amazing recovery when hope had almost been abandoned.

"SEVERE PAINS IN STOMACH RELIEVED"

says Mr. Kelland of Exeter, who writes: "For a long time I suffered severe pains in my stomach; it seemed to be getting worse until I dreaded eating anything. The pain got so bad I was afraid I had a malignant growth in my stomach. I was advised to try 'Bisurated' Magnesia—the very first dose relieved the pain and now I can eat practically anything without any pain whatever. I am 74 years old and life seems worth living again."

from a recent photo of Mr. E. Kelland.

After years of torture 'Bisurated' Magnesia brought him complete and lasting relief!

For indigestion, heartburn, gastritis, flatulence and other stomach troubles there is no more effective cure than 'Bisurated' Magnesia. This remarkable formula is bringing instant relief to thousands of sufferers. If you want to get your stomach right, don't waste time and money, get 'Bisurated' Magnesia first.

'Bisurated' Magnesia

Price 1/3. Larger, more economical size 3/-

FREE Sample

To BISMAG Ltd., (Dept. T/32) Pharmaceutical Laboratories, Braydon Road, LONDON, N.16.

Please send Gratis and Post Free a Sample of 'Bisurated' Magnesia and Treatise on Digestive Troubles to:—

Name .....

Address .....

.....

My ailment is .....

Please write plainly and send in unsealed envelope, addressed as above. Use ½d. stamp.

NO MORE GREY HAIR

If grey hairs are beginning to show think how old you will look when they multiply. Retain the youthful colour by applying Valentine's Extract which stains grey hair to any shade of brown, or to black. Harmless, lasting, does not soil the linen. Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 and 5/- per bottle; or sent direct, post free, from J. B. Valentine, 44a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1

VALENTINE'S WALNUT STAIN EXTRACT MADE IN ENGLAND

£12 LAST DAYS TO WIN EVERY WEEK FOR LIFE OR £5,000 CASH

"BULLETS" No. 930

FIRST PRIZE, £1,000 and £20 each Easter for life

Mrs. E. BAILEY, School House, St. George's Avenue, Northampton.

Example:—MERCIFULLY

Bullet:—"LAST JUDGE" ALSO "FATHER."

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. L. SAUNDERS, 18, Ermine Street, Huntingdon.

Example: To Help Me

Bullet: From "Pit," Love's "Cage."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. A. D. BONE, 43, Highbury Avenue, Thornton Heath.

Example: Makes Me Anxious

Bullet: Boss "Gingering"—I'm Greying. (Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £5:

G. BARKER, 83, Paynes Road, Southampton.
To Open The Door—Problem, "Bringing Home Sack."

W. G. F. BARKER, 34, Cowley Street, Derby.
Hungry Man—Crops Failed? No—Civilisation!

B. T. BOOL, 42, Duke Street, Abertillery, Mon.
For Britain's Good—Scotch War-monger—Watch Scare-monger!

J. DRAPER, 43, Norfolk Avenue, Morecambe.
The Blow Fell And—Smashed "Rose-coloured Glasses."

J. H. MARSLAND, 11, Bird Street, Ardwick, Manchester.
Will Of The People—Next Door, *Isn't* Peace. (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. McCARTY, 66, Freer Road, Birchfields, Birmingham.
Let's Try—"Walls" Against *Armament* "Trade."

G. E. PROCTOR, 26, Woodhouse Road, Doncaster.
For Britain's Good—Baptisms—But Not "Fiery."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

F. SHIPP, 8, Wratting Road, Haverhill, Suffolk.
Worse Still—War, Till Wars Stilled.

F. M. SMITH, 8 Fair View, Heanor, nr. Nottingham.
The Doctor—"Clips Wings"—*Lengthens* "Span."

Miss D. WHITTINGHAM, 147, Northview Drive, Westcliff-on-Sea.
Hungry Man—"Human Document" Awaiting "Envelope."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s.:

W. G. ADAMS, 7, Briscoe Road, Coventry.
The Blow Fell And—Fly Resettled—On Bruise!

Miss B. DOBSON, 107, Loughborough Road, Kirkcaloy.
Upside-down—Or World Feels Topsy-turvy.

Mrs. M. ELLIS, Nythfa, 38, Heaton Avenue, Dewsbury, Yorks.
Song She Sang—Without Words, "Sweet Home."

Mrs. D. H. EVANS, Croxton, Priory Avenue, Taunton, Som.
The Doctor—Scorching—Racing "Icy Hand."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. R. GALLON, 76, Wansbeck Terrace, Ashington, North'l'd.
Song She Sang—Jarred Windows—Jammed Doors.

T. GRAZIER, 5, Stirling Street, West Hartlepool.
The Doctor—Deplores Overcrowding—Surgery's Packed!

J. F. HARRIS, 232, Walton Road, Manor Park, London, E.
Not So Bad—Dry Bread—With "Honey."

H. KIRK, The Square, Comber, Co. Down.
To Open The Door—"Dilly" Pushes—"Dally" Pulls.

J. W. TEAR, Bk. 106, Earl Street, Grimsby.
Hungry Man—*Unfastening* Belt, Next Election.

G. WILSON, 5, Medwyn Street, Scotstoun, Glasgow.
Wasting Her Time—Her "Romeo" Discussing Shakespeare.

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN DESPATCHED.

The original cheque for £750 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 929 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. Auton and Bowyer, 19, Fore Street, Totnes, Devon.

Enter by Saturday, April 14, for this Mighty Offer

A FEW days longer and the closing date of *Bullets* mighty Double Record Offer will be here. You still have time to be a winner—but there is no time to lose!

As soon as Friday, April 27, "John Bull's" First Prize telegram will be inviting the sender of the best *Bullet* to choose between £12 a Week for Life—and £5,000 cash.

Why should not that *Bullet* be written by you on one of the coupons opposite? Begin at once on your efforts and persevere until you have produced some prize-worthy *Bullets*; your staggering reward may be independence for the rest of your life, all the luxuries you have dreamed about and security for your family.

With prizes to the record value of over £6,500 waiting to be won, including an unprecedented array of 50 Radio Gramophones, this is by far the finest *Bullets* opportunity you have ever had. And remember—an entry of 8 or more *Bullets* entitles you to a free £250 coupon in the great new *Bullets* Football Contest which is linked up with this offer.

To-day only a few words stand between you and staggering wealth, but this Giant Offer closes on Saturday, April 14. Seek those passwords now and enter a new world of comfort and ease!

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 933 usually purchase "John Bull."

HOW TO WIN

WHERE are you to look for the idea which may lead to a £5,000 *Bullet?* Momentous events in the world to-day may help you—but remember that great *Bullets* have been made by entrants who only looked round their own homes for inspiration.

To make a *Bullet* you have only to add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below.

Suppose, for instance, you decided to work on the *Example*, FAMILY OF NATIONS. The first thought it suggests to your mind might be this—*Would Increase Britain's Birth-rate.*

You have now to improve the working of that rough idea. Soon, by twisting and turning those words about, you could easily arrive at the completed *Bullet*, FAMILY OF NATIONS — WOULD SWELL NATION'S FAMILIES.

Before making up your own *Bullets*, get the right atmosphere by studying for a few minutes the winning efforts on this page.

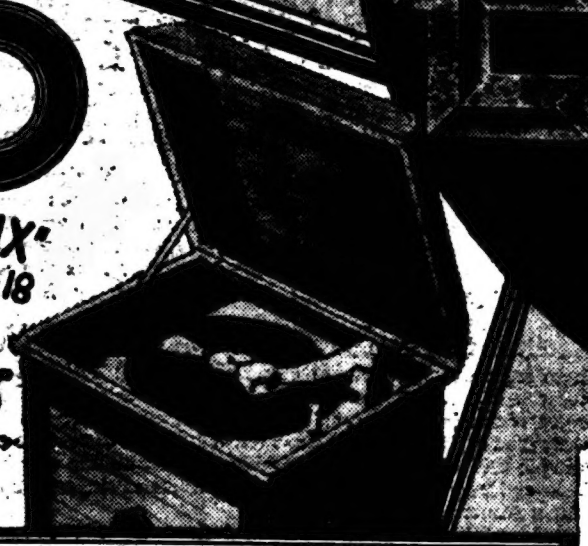
Then go ahead on some winners of your own, see that your entry is in by Saturday, April 14, and wealth for life may reward a few words from your pen.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

FAMILY OF NATIONS
SHATTERED ROMANCE
IN LIFE'S LOTTERY
OUTSIDE THE HOUSE
TO KEEP HER
PEAK OF SUCCESS
NATURE'S BEST
HOW TO BE HAPPY
BRITISH GOODS
MONEY'S A PROBLEM, BUT
MOTHERS — TOGETHER
MAD — WAR FIRES
POOR MAN — TO LIVE
ALWAYS — GENTLY
IGNORED — ENDLESS
END OF ALL — OUR HOPE
THE BIGGEST — AT LAST
HOME OF MY DREAMS
OUGHT TO BE TAXED
WHAT HE TOLD HER
PERILOUS PATH
BAD BLUNDER
LOVE AND HATE
MAN WHO'S FORGOTTEN
BARREN SOIL
SICK AND SORRY
ROARING TRADE
HER ONE AND ONLY
PRICELESS JEWEL
CAUGHT FATHER
SAID SANDY TO SOLLY
HIS SHIP CAME HOME ANE
WHAT SONNY DID
NOT ENOUGH
PROSPERITY'S SUNSHINE
HUMANITY'S TASK
GLITTER OF STEEL
TO MAKE THINGS EASIER
TROUBLE IN THE AIR
IN THE BLOOD
HONEST JOHN

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed /& Co./. Write name and address and date of sending on back of the Postal Order.

PRIZES VALUE OVER £6,500



50 ULTRA "LYNX" ALL MAINS £18·18 RADIO GRAMOPHONES

In addition every prize of £1 and over in this huge offer. BATTERY RADIO CAN BE SUPPLIED IF WINNER HAS NO ELECTRIC MAINS.

Enter by Sat: April 14

£3,099 £200 · £50 · £25 · £20 · £18 · £16 · £14 · £12 · £10 · £9 · £8 · £7 · £6 · £5

OTHER PRIZES: 5 of £2·10 · 30 of £1 · 50 of 10/- · 1000 of 2/6 · 2,000 RED SEAL "TARGET" PRIZES · 10,000 "TARGET PRIZES"

£250 FREE

COUPON BELOW ELIGIBLE ONLY IF ENCLOSED WITH "BULLETS" ENTRY • • SEE RULES

Read these "Bullets" Football Instructions

BY entering eight or more *Bullets* for Competition No. 933, either on entry-fee coupons or prize coupons totalling four or more, you become entitled to enclose this *Bullets* Football coupon with your entry and so compete entirely free for JOHN BULL'S extra prize of £250.

You have simply to consider the comparative merit of the *Bullets* opposite each other on the coupon below. Place 1 in the forecast column if you think the first is the better; place 2 in the forecast column if you think the second is better; if you think them equal in merit, place "X" in the forecast column.

The £250 will be paid to the entrant whose forecast is correct, or nearest to the correct result as decided by the adjudicators. Prize divided in the event of a tie.

Each qualified entrant is allowed one Football Contest coupon only. *Any Football Coupon which is not actually enclosed in the same envelope as the necessary number of "Bullets" coupons as detailed here will be disqualified.*

Any coupon not written in ink, having incomplete or altered forecast, or not bearing the same name and address as the *Bullets* coupons with which it is enclosed, will be ruled out.

Entries will be accepted only on condition that the result, which will appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, April 26, is regarded as final and legally binding, the Competition Editor's decision being final.

The closing date, of course, is as for *Bullets* Double Record Offer—Saturday, April 14. But remember—there is a "*Bullets* Football" Contest of this kind every week in *Bullets Bulletin*.

WIN £250 BY SENDING THIS COUPON

WITH 8 OR MORE "BULLETS"

"Bullets" Free Football Contest. Closing Sat., April 14			FORECAST 1, 2 or X BELOW
Back To Work Recall—Or Wreck All	V.	After Marriage Sobered—And So Bored	
Lady Driver "Queen" Wanting Road's "Crown"	V.	World We Want "Hive"—Only "Drone," Machinery	
Happy Home If The *Chap* Fits	V.	What The Boarder Said "It's *Log* Of Mutton!"	
Grey Hair Beautiful If "Cared For"	V.	Climbing The Ladder Your Friends "Seem Smaller"	
With Music On Ideal Bathroom Wall-paper	V.	Army Of Officials Necessary To Spend Taxes	
Writing Home How The *Lies* Land	V.	Unexpected *Jock* In A Box	
My Pocket "Thermometer" "Warmth" Registering Friends'	V.	When Things Look Black "Firebrands" Deepen The Shadows	
Our Babies Little Rebels Preventing Rebellion	V.	Wife And Family Raid Pa, Then Parade.	
Spring Cleaning Wives' "Offensive" Upsets "Retreat"	V.	Modern Grandma "Jane" That's No "Saint"	
Upsetting Becoming a *Word* Swallower	V.	Possibly There's Peace *In* Earth	
A Shock Ventriloquist's Doll Contracted Lock-Jaw	V.	Amateur Actor Put Sporran Under Chin.	
What Is Betting? Casting Bread Upon Turf	V.	Said About Her "Moves In Best *Triangles*"	

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

I enclose not less than 8 *Bullets* for Competition No. 933 and agree to the rules of this free "Football" Judging Contest.

Signed .....

Address .....

★ .....

10,000 £50 SURPRISES AND £1,000 FIRST NEXT WEEK!

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(933) Closing SAT., Apl. 14 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 38. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(933) Closing SAT., Apl. 14 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 38. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(933) Closing SAT., Apl. 14 — P.O No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 38. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(933) Closing SAT., Apl. 14 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 38. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(933) Closing SAT. Apl. 14 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 38. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(933) Closing SAT., Apl. 14 — P.O No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 38. With 6 Coupons send P.O. for 3s.

Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 933, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

LEG SUFFERERS

You Need This Modern Treatment

How the Leg-Weary are being Made Nimble and Active by Wonderful New Biological Treatment—Elasto.

LEG pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon become normal, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and commence to heal, swellings go down, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical;* it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

A Good Circulation is the Real Basis of Health!

Elasto is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose ailments, bad circulation, rheumatism, and leg troubles generally, with their numerous developments and widely varied symptoms, are *deficiency diseases;* that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.*

Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and arterial walls and the membranes in healthy condition, and a state of flabbiness results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue, and thus enables Nature to restore contractility to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins and arteries, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health.*

Elasto corrects all Circulatory Diseases because it restores muscular tone to the Heart and contractility to Veins and Arteries, making them as healthy and as sound as ever.

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological treatment which quickly brings ease and comfort, and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming diseased conditions, increasing vitality, and bringing into full activity Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, which dissolve instantly on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the cheapest, and the most effective treatment ever devised.

For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this Modern Scientific treatment which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

What Users of Elasto Say—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"Wonderfully active at 80."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Worked wonders; legs quite clear."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"Heart quite sound again now."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better."
"Lumbago cured after 3 years of suffering. Age 66."
"Elasto has saved me pounds."
"I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago; still quite fit."
"Now free from piles."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"I would like to recommend Elasto to all sufferers."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."

These extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves, the extraordinary health-restoring powers of this wonderful new blood treatment—Elasto. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

The Great Blood Revitalizer

ELASTO CORRECTS

Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Eczema, Psoriasis, Phlebitis, Thrombosis, Muscular Weakness, Heart Troubles, Poor Blood, Bad Circulation, Swollen Legs, Inflamed Wounds, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as Bad Legs.

Elasto also corrects Piles, Prolapsus, Varicocele, Hardened Arteries, and Glands, Arthritis, Sciatica, Lumbago, and all Relaxed Conditions, no matter where they occur.

Beware of Imitations!

Here is Your Great Opportunity!

FREE

A generous sample of this Wonder Treatment

SIMPLY fill in the coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Treatment. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it. Or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Treatment makes!!

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD.
(Dept. 15B), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

COUPON *for Free Trial Sample of Elasto.*
The Great Blood Revitalizer.

TESTED JB

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD.
(Dept. 15B), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto Treatment cures through the blood.

NAME.....
(Please Print in Capital Letters.)
ADDRESS.....
.....
My Ailment is.....John Bull 7.4.34

Don't long for relief—get Elasto and be sure of it!

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